


# The Grammarian



1987



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**THE STUDENTS OF THE  
HALIFAX GRAMMAR  
SCHOOL**

**WELCOME YOU  
TO  
THE TWENTY-SEVENTH  
EDITION OF  
THE GRAMMARIAN**



# HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

From the Headmaster:

We are currently privileged to witness what can be done by a group working in harmony to build for the future. It's a theme in all education. It is a fact at the Halifax Grammar School. Mrs. Gough, our school secretary, drew my attention to the following verse which neatly highlights our growth at this time:

- \* “An old man, travelling a long highway,  
Came at the evening cold and gray,  
To a chasm deep, and wide.
- The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
For the sullen stream held no fears for him,  
But he turned when he reached the other side,  
and builded a bridge to span the tide.
- ‘Old Man,’ cried a fellow Pilgrim near,  
“You are wasting your strength with building here;
- Your journey will end with the ending day.  
You never again will pass this way.
- You have crossed the chasm deep and wide,  
Why build you a bridge at even-tide?’
- And the Builder raised his old gray head;  
‘Good Friend, on the path I have come,’ he said  
‘There follows after me today  
A youth whose feet will pass this way.
- ‘This stream which has been as naught to me;  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good Friend, I am building this bridge for him’.”



Our new building is that bridge that crosses the present from the past to the future. It is a testament to staff, students and parents, those gone and those to come. Don't lose sight of the sacrifices made by others for you. Let's grow together and leave a proud legacy to the future of the Halifax Grammar School.

\* from Rare Old Chums by Will Allan Drumgoole



# FOREWORD AND DEDICATION



We dedicate the 1987 Grammarian to the new school addition. This year brings great inner and outer change in the appearance of the school. We all enthusiastically anticipate its completion because, after all, the more Halifax Grammar School, the better.

Many thanks as well to the GRAMMARIAN staff, the teachers, the students, all who helped make this edition of our yearbook possible. We hope you have as much fun reading it as we had making it. Cherish it forever!?

Jen Trabert

Jennifer Smith

(Assistant Editors)

On behalf of the student body, we would also like to dedicate this year's GRAMMARIAN to Mr. John Lankester for his ten years of devotion and service to the school. Thank you.

-the Editors

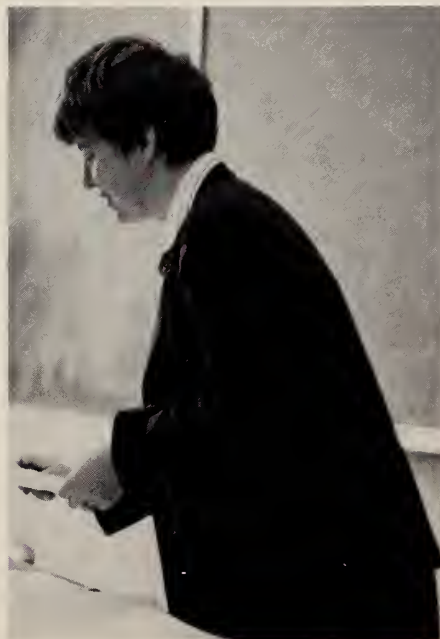
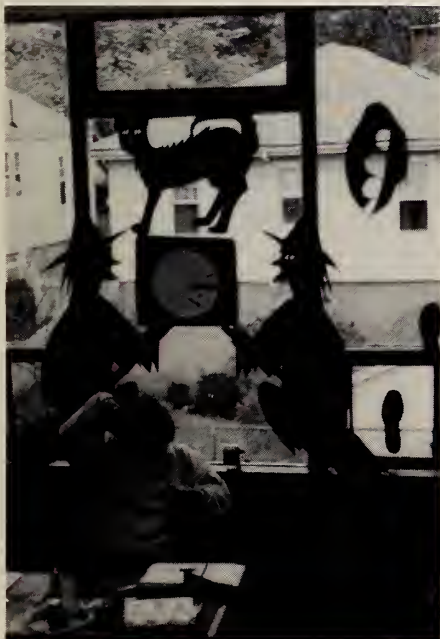
# STAFF



BACK ROW: Marjorie Cooper, Peter Montgomery, Linnet Murray, Nancy Meinertzhagen, Arnaudine Simms, Shirlean Lewis, Kathy DeGrasse, Greg Gray.  
 MIDDLE ROW: Anne vonMaltzhan, Karen Whitehead, Pamela Smith, Anne Smith, Karla Silver, Sandra Porteous, Annette Daley, Barry Waldman.  
 FRONT ROW: Joanne Thompson, Jennifer Chapman, Nancy Scobbie, Judi Henderson.  
 ABSENT: Rita Aterman, Valda Kemp, Derek Bridgehouse.

Peter Montgomery: Headmaster, History  
 Kathy DeGrasse: Deputy Headmaster, Biology  
 Greg Gray: Math, Calculus, Physics  
 Annette Daley: Chemistry  
 Jennifer Chapman: English  
 Rita Aterman: History  
 Nancy Meinertzhagen: English, History  
 Arnaudine Simms: Geography, French, Latin  
 Pamela Smith: French  
 Anne vonMaltzhan: German  
 Barry Waldman: Math, Geography, Computer Science  
 Nancy Scobbie: Math  
 Karla Silver: Art  
 Valda Kemp: Music  
 Derek Bridgehouse: Physical Education  
 Judi Henderson: French  
 Sandra Porteous: Prep Six  
 Marjorie Cooper: Prep Five  
 Anne Smith: Prep Four  
 Linnet Murray: Prep Three  
 Shirlean Lewis: Prep Two  
 Karen Whitehead: Prep One  
 Joanne Thompson: Primary





# SECRETARY



From the Secretary's desk .....

One dictionary describes a secretary as a desk; bureau; lectern. In other words, a piece of furniture, an inanimate object. How dull. On the contrary, the Secretary's life at Halifax Grammar School is anything but ...

Consider what a privilege it is to be in a pivotal position able to liase closely with the entire Halifax Grammar School family, the Headmaster, Board of Governors, teachers, students, parents. From my office I can objectively observe what a great family we are when we all work together. I have to say, though, that one just has to be in the school during the summer when the halls and classrooms are void of students to realize that our students are the life of the school; the rest of us nurture and support that life to ensure its continued growth.

Dull. Never. Answering two phones while typing, writing up late slips, responding to a plaintive call for a band aid while trying to offer some information to parents of a prospective student, simultaneously, can be hectic but ... that same day a small hand offers me a delicious piece of cake to help celebrate a birthday. It's like being a mother to 295 children. What can I say?

Marjory Gough



# ASSISTANT SECRETARIES



BACK ROW: Michael Cowie, Malve Petersmann, Karen Thomas, Nora Pyesmany.  
FRONT ROW: Sophie Spiropoulos, Beverly Williams, Maggie Arnold, Christina Horne.

This year we are happy to have more younger students as student secretaries. Their work and commitment is much appreciated by Mrs. Gough and the rest of the school. With the new school addition, it is often difficult for the person on the other end of the line to hear our greeting; "Hello, Halifax Grammar School, student secretary, can I help you?" Despite these minor difficulties, the 'trained helpers' are doing a fine job. Keep it up!

Karen Thomas,  
Head student secretary.





HCS

CATCHING UP WITH  
DEPECHE MODE

2 Litres

Radio Shack

The Grammarian



Peter,  
Paul  
and

Only you  
C/W  
Situation

EXTENDED VERSION





# STUDENT COUNCIL



BACK ROW: Daniel Holland, Amy Block, Eric Block, John Gould, Patrick Oland.  
FRONT ROW: Matthew O'Halloran, Mark Wathen, Daniel Rees, Robert Plowman, Chris Williams.

Eric Block: President  
Matthew O'Halloran: Vice-President  
Robert Plowman: Treasurer  
Mark Wathen: Secretary  
Patrick Oland: U6 Representative  
Daniel Rees: U5 Representative  
John Gould: U4 Representative  
Daniel Holland: U3 Representative  
Amy Block: U2 Representative  
Chris Williams: U1 Representative

The excitement of the school extension has made the job of the student council a much more satisfying one. As described in my platform, the chief objectives of this year's council would be to raise school spirit and increase pride.

Hopefully, as the council concerns itself with extracurricular activities, their goals will be reached. By bringing back the committee system, ideas including ski trips, speakers, gym programs, dances and other items will, if all goes well, transform from ideas to reality.

By encouraging participation, unity, and strength, the council hopes that the school will be re-built not only physically, but psychologically as well.

We will continue to attempt to achieve our goals, and this could not be done without the dedication and total support of our headmaster, Mr. Montgomery.

Thank you,

Eric Block, President.

# GRADUATES



HILARY ATHERTON

“Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die.”  
-THE BIBLE

Ever since coming to the school in Grade Seven, Hilary has been very influential. His witty humour, and ability to win arguments have both angered and impressed us all. His academic abilities have also been well established. But as Hilary leaves the Grammar School for the foundation year at Kings, what he will probably be most missed for is his renowned ability to have a good time outside school. Good luck Hilary, we know you will go a long way in whatever you choose to do.

LINDA HAZEL BARKER

“None but ourselves can free our minds.”  
-Bob Marley

Linda entered our class in Grade Seven as a silent tower. However, she quickly moved into the mainstream of things both socially and academically. Moreover somewhere around Grade Ten she suddenly became one of the shorter members of the class. Although we almost lost Linda to QE between Grades Eleven and Twelve she remained as one of the three surviving female graduates. While maintaining an honours average, Linda has also been a strong asset to the senior girls' sport teams. Indeed during basketball season Kareem Abdul-jabarker could sometimes be seen running through the H.G.S. gym. Linda wishes to pursue a career in medicine. In this we are sure she will succeed.







## ANDRÉ BELCOURT

“Character is like the foundation of a house- it is below the surface.”  
-Anon.

André came to the Grammar School in Grade Eight and has become an important part of the class. André has participated in all areas of the school's sporting world, although his forté has been in the secrets of soccerball. However his Maradona level of soccer has not stopped him from achieving a high academic standing with the help of a great many late nights. André's resemblance to a certain resident of Santa Monica, California, has led to his acquiring his affectionate nickname, Furley. André's main interests lie in sailing, skiing and soccer. We are sure that André will succeed in whatever endeavour he tries. Bonne chance!

## COLIN MORTON JAMES BERNARD

“And now for something completely different ...”  
-Monty Python

Colin has attended the Grammar School for five years. During that time he has established himself as a significant member of our class and will always be remembered for his Mrs. Aterman and Dr. Chapman imitations. Colin was a hardworking and meticulous student. The teachers and students will remember Colin as a witty and jocular fellow, the master of humorous anecdotes. Colin has been an avid badminton player and in his senior year he has directed the badminton program. Outside the school his athletic pursuits include sailing with the Sea Cadets. After leaving the Grammar School Colin plans to attend Kings College. He hopes to pursue a career in either law or in the navy. We wish him the best of luck.



## JOHN CAMERON

“... I have a dream ...”  
-Martin Luther King Jr.

John has been with us since Prep One and is the only member of the class to have been at H.G.S. for twelve years. His warm and friendly personality make him a good friend to all of us. He has maintained high academic standing while enthusiastically participating in many extracurricular activities including cross-country and downhill skiing, and bicycle racing. John is not yet sure where life will take him. Be it the record books of the European Cycling circuit or the journals of world politics, we are sure he will be successful. His genuine character and interest in life will give him the ability to do anything he wants. Good luck in the future.



### SUSAN CORDIA HALEBSKY

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

-Charles Dickens, A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Susan has been an active member of our class for eleven years. She joined us in Grade One and was at the Grammar School until Grade Nine, when she went to school in Falls Church, Virginia. In Grade Ten, she returned, much to our delight, and she has been here ever since. She is very busy with her extracurricular activities, such as volleyball, basketball, skiing and tennis. Justifiably Susan has been regarded as one of the brighter students in the class. Her favorite subjects are English, History and Biology. She plans to continue her education in the United States. Susan will be missed by her schoolmates, but never forgotten. Good luck Sue!



### LAURA ELIZABETH HOOPER

"If you don't say anything, you won't be called on to repeat it."

-Calvin Coolidge

Laura graced the Grammar School with her presence in Grade Seven. Silent as she was, Laura proved to be an excellent student especially in all areas requiring creative talent. With incredible artistic endeavors, such as black and white pictures of topless men and stories about "mall crawlers". Laura has developed her artistic talent and humorous writing ability. But those above mentioned talents are not all that Laura has developed over her six years at H.G.S. She has been an active member on the Senior Volleyball and Basketball teams, coach of this year's Junior Volleyball team, Acadia House Captain and Co-Editor of the school yearbook, the Grammarians. In the future Laura plans to attend Dalhousie University and eventually become a Doctor. The class of '87 would not be the same without Laura's biting wit, "permanently blond" hair, athletic and artistic talents and her special personality. The best of luck next year and always, Hoopé.

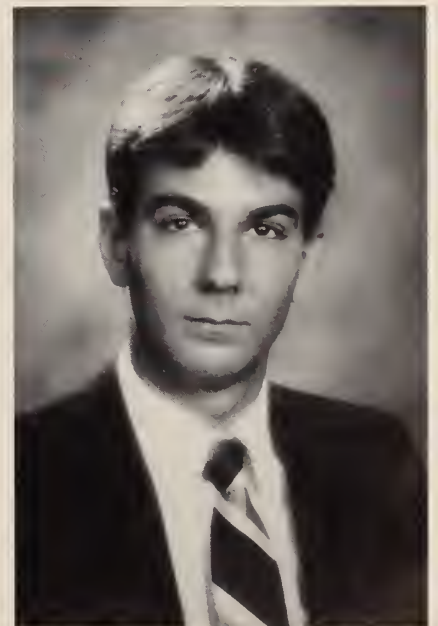


### MICHAEL HOPKINS

"Life with the nerve endings hanging out- that's the way it has to be."

-Sting

Since Mike came to us in Grade Nine he has displayed the uncanny ability to work extremely hard and at the same time keep his sense of humour amongst a class of malcontents. Mike has achieved an honours standing in Grades Nine through twelve, and is a very popular individual fifteen minutes before a chemistry assignment is due. He has been a valuable member of the volleyball, soccer, and rugby teams and has led the school in the very popular badminton club for the last two years. Members of the Grade Twelve class will long remember being whisked into orbit at warp speed aboard the starship Taurus, to boldly go at least three blocks. Mike plans to go to Dalhousie to take sciences, but we are sure that Mike's humour, hard work, and warm personality will ensure his success in whatever he may choose to do. Good luck, (you certainly don't need it).





GAVIN MURPHY

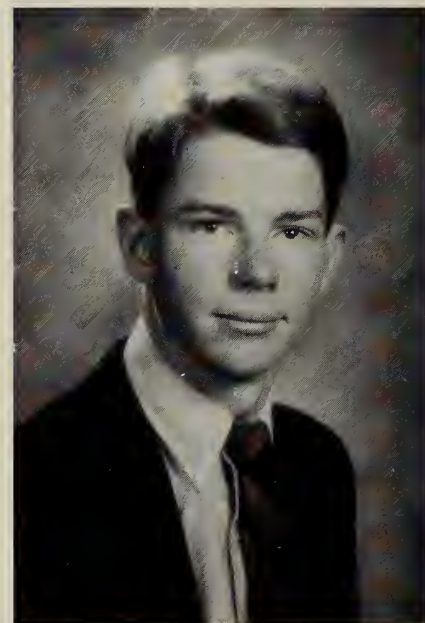
"No matter where you go, there you are!"  
-Murphy's Law

Gavin now a veteran at H.G.S., having been with us for eleven years. His sense of humour and open mind have made him a well liked member of the class. He is well known for his determination and hard work. A logical mind gives Gavin the ability to immediately understand Math and Science problems which leave the rest of us overwhelmed. This ability led to a serious interest in electronic music. Gavin hopes this interest will lead to fame and fortune. Gavin is also an accomplished skier and he has spent many a weekend on the slopes of Wentworth. He plans to attend university after graduating from H.G.S. We are sure he will go far. Best of luck to a good friend.

PATRICK OLAND

"I have hardly ever known a mathematician who used reason."  
-Plato

At the end of his eight year stay at the Halifax Grammar School Patrick Oland will have left a lasting impression on the minds of his teachers and fellow students. Hard working and attentive in his studies, Patrick has earned the respect of his teachers with his curiosity. Among his many friends Pat will be remembered for his incessant good humour and his quick smile. Patrick has also been on the student council for four years as class representative. He has also contributed consistently to the school sports programs having played basketball, soccer, volleyball and rugby at all levels. Patrick plans to attend Dalhousie for his first year of university, majoring in Commerce. Patrick's winning personality is sure to help him succeed.



ROGER PORTER

"This above all else; be armed".  
-Machiavelli

Roger's presence in the class has been felt since he came to the school in Grade Five. He is known to have an unusual sense of humour, which is always evident in his strange sayings. Having sound mental skills has aided him in the area of mathematics. He enjoys participating in badminton, baseball, and occasionally football. With plans to pursue business or commerce, he will surely succeed. Good luck in future endeavours, Roger.



## EDWARD REES

“Life is short; live it up.”  
-Nikita Krushchev

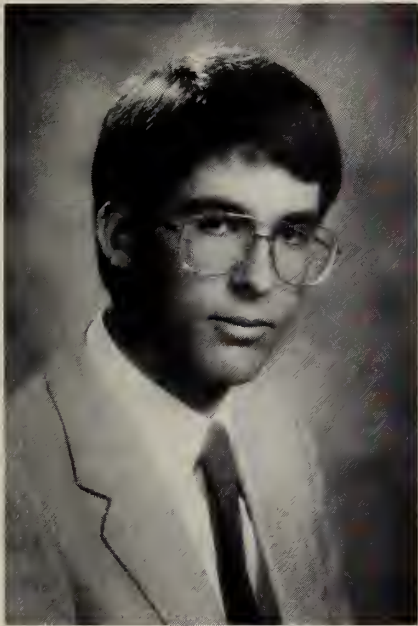
Throughout the years mischievous Little Edward has proved himself to be one of the more prominent members of the class. He has accumulated a certain number of nicknames over the years including Pork Belly, Sponge (his hair), Little Porky, and Piggy. Although he lacks a certain enthusiasm for doing his homework, his flare for history and politics undoubtedly stands out. He may someday achieve his dream of being one of the greatest politicians, dictators or emperors on earth perhaps even greater than Alexander the Great or Napoleon. He may, however, lower himself and settle for U.S. Minister of External Affairs. Edward has always been entertained in class with the subject of violence yet, when he becomes the victim of violence himself, his displeasure becomes most apparent. Edward's involvement in extracurricular activities have more than kept pace with his academic interests. He was an active member of the student council and GRAM-MARIAN staff. He participates on the soccer and rugby teams. Out of school Edward is an active sailor.



## DAVID ROBERTSON

“He that fears not the future may enjoy the present.”  
-Thomas Fuller

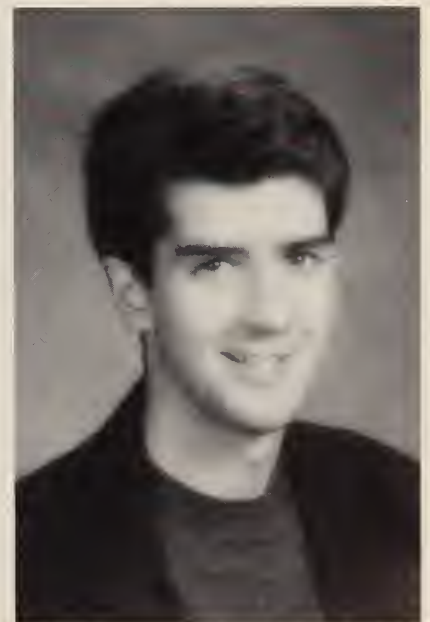
Since his joining the class in Grade Five, David has proven to be a valuable addition to the class. He has constantly achieved an excellent academic standard, especially in anything to do with mathematics, physics, or art. His artistic skill will not be forgotten as his caricatures of students and teachers alike have given us all a good laugh. This talent coupled with his sense of humour make him a definite candidate for the “strange-but-true” file. He enjoys playing football, soccer, and hockey as well as badminton, even though he has some trouble with his serve. David is also an avid computer buff spending many an hour in the computer room and at his terminal at home. We wish David the best of luck as an engineer or in whatever profession he chooses to take up.



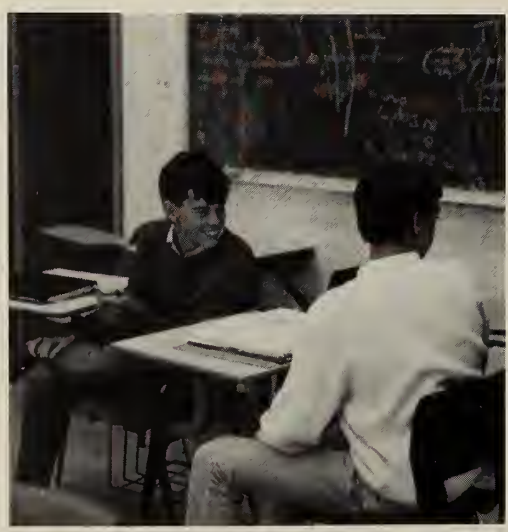
## KEN SCHWARTZ

“I want to go down in celluloid history”.  
-Morrisey

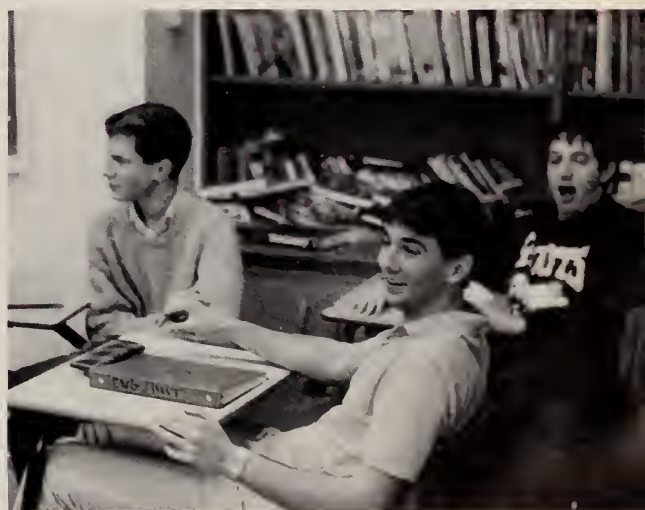
Since Ken came to the school in Grade Three he has always been a key member of the class. He will always be remembered for his colorful personality, his sense of humour and his ability to ask the most questions in the class. He has always gotten along with his classmates and teachers. Among his favorite subjects are History, Art, and English yet his ability to work hard is shown in all his subjects. Ever since Ken found interest in the arts he has become extremely active in drama and the theatre. He has directed and performed in several plays at the school. In Grade Twelve he took on the task of heading the Upper School drama club. Ken has a promising career in drama and we shall be watching for his performances at the Neptune Theatre in the near future. After graduating he plans to study Theatre and Film at McMaster. Ken's determination and energy are sure to take him far. Best of luck, Ken.





















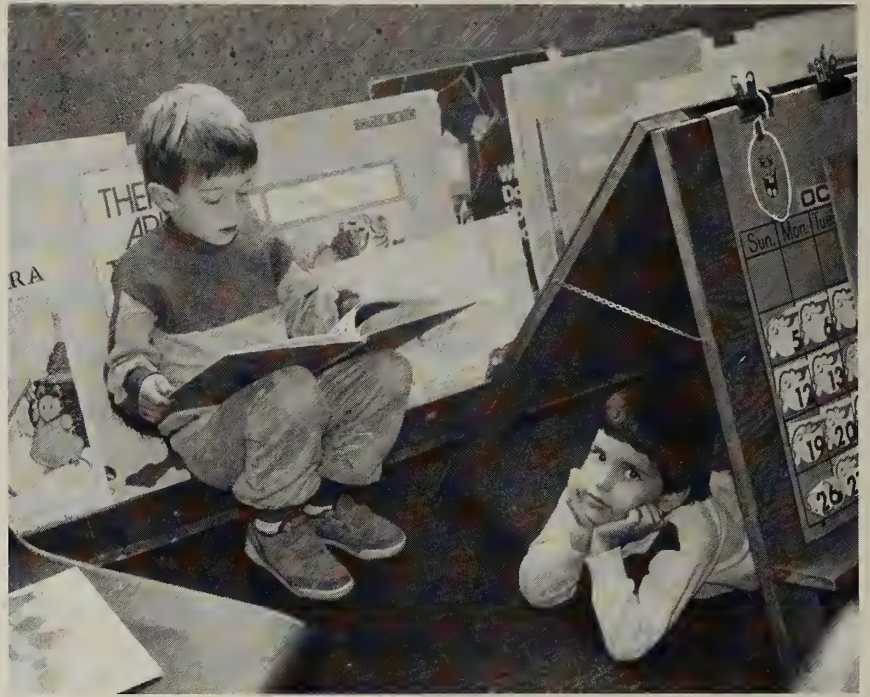




# PREP SCHOOL





















# PRIMARY



BACK ROW: Billy Mastrapas, Alexa Smith, Erik Anderson-Demaine, Andrew Carver-Robinson, Jenny Wheatley, Lauren Abrahams, Thomas Brooks.  
FRONT ROW: Michael DeGrasse, Alex Fay, Laura Gray, Ashley Seaman, Jana Miller, Dagmar MacManus, James Wolff, Lewis Wolff, Ryan Cook, Jessica Burnstein.

MICHAEL DEGRASSE  
ANDREW TOMMYAN  
JESSICA  
BILLY ALEX JENNY  
ALEX ASHLEY  
ERIK  
JAMES  
LAURA  
DAGMAR  
JANA  
LEWIS  
LAUREN  
NICHOLAS



# PREP ONE



BACK ROW: Noah Watson, Grace Mitchell, Lisa Fentress, Fiona Liston, Kenzie MacDonald, Victoria Reid, Meg Pooley, Katie Lo, Zavin Nazaretian.

FRONT ROW: Thomas Chamagne, Gillian Parker, Michael Edelstein, Joshua Ewing, Evan Petley-Hones, Toby Stoltz, Andrew Muncaster, Matthew Brannon, Danny Roscoe, John Beauchamp.

I wish.....

John: I was a scientist.

Matthew: I had every colour hair.

Thomas: I had a magic wand.

Michael: I was a brave knight.

Joshua: I had a magic wand.

Lisa: I were magic.

Katie: I worked in a circus.

Fiona: I were rich.

Kenzie: I had a turtle.

Grace: I had a bunny.

Andrew: I were rich.

Zavin: I were carrot man.

Gillian: I was a princess.

Evan: I was a black knight.

Meg: I lived in a tree.

Victoria: for a ruby and a diamond.

Danny: I were an orthodontist.

Toby: I could turn into anything.

Noah: I had a turbo.

# PREP TWO



BACK ROW: Tara Waldman, Jennifer Gray, Daniel Oore, Ian Caines, Daniel Franklin, Liam Brennan, Jennifer Digby.

MIDDLE ROW: Jennifer Chetwynd, Rushmi Malaviarachichi, Andrew Oland, Erika Wilson, Kaija Helmetag, Deborah Lief, Joseph Rosenberg, Joanne Coxon, Nicola Goudy, Kimberly Lawrence.

FRONT ROW: Kevin Moore, Edward McKeever, Gregg Davis, Billy Smith, Mark Henderson, Alicia Miller, David Totten.

ABSENT: Peter Lawrence.

If I were Headmaster I would.....

Liam: be grouchy.

Ian: teach grade twelve.

Joanne: turn the school upside down.

Jennifer: be busy.

Jennifer D.: be nice to the kids.

Gregg: make a tennis court in the gym.

Daniel: make the whole school a swimming pool.

Nicola: be nice.

Jennifer G.: make the school into a candy store.

Kaija: turn the school into a playland.

Mark: make everyone clean the floor.

Kimberly: make the teachers nice.

Peter: be strict.

Deborah: make a water slide coming from the top of the school.

Rushmi: put spikes on the roof and put a ladder up to the roof.

Edward: be bossy.

Alicia: make a pet store with cats and gerbils and kittens.

Kevin: teach Primary and Music and Art.

Meredith: sleep all day and make everybody else work.

Andrew: turn the school into a U.F.O.

Daniel O.: make a pool in the school.

Joseph: let no cats allowed.

Billy: turn the school into a pool.

David: be mean.

Tara: break down the school and build a swimming pool and a jungle gym!

Erika: make pet day everyday and I would make Friday a weekend.



# PREP THREE



BACK ROW: Sarah Fentress, Ian Smith, Peter Brannon, Alexander Wilson, Emily Thompson, Jennifer DeGrasse, Georgina Mastrapas, Ryan Blades.

MIDDLE ROW: Emma Townsend-Gault, Marcy Laing, Liza Piper, Julie Chamagne, Monja Myers, Billy Nikolaou, Joanna Trager, Matthew Harper.

FRONT ROW: Rachel Glube, Aylin Alemdar, Chris Coxon, Julie Henderson, Mara Green, Lindsay Davis.

What this school really needs is.....

Aylin: a longer writing period.

Ryan: a whirlpool.

Peter: more computers.

Robbie: more tires and longer recess.

Julie: school on weekends.

Chris: fewer fences so the ball doesn't go over.

Lindsay: a lot more chalkboards.

Jennifer: more math and fencing.

Sarah: a swimming pool.

Rachel: more free time.

Mara: more work.

Matthew: electronic rockets and go carts for races in the gym.

Julie: two hours of silent reading and a zoo.

Marcy: more French.

Georgina: a pool to cool off in.

Monja: an ice-cream machine.

Adrian: teachers who don't give detentions.

Billy: a bigger soccer field.

Lisa: more books and math.

Ian: a bigger gym and more gym time.

Emily: more free time and more gym time.

Emma: a science lab for everybody in the school.

Joanna: more time for science.

Alexander: more art.

# PREP FOUR



BACK ROW: Kerry Kindred, Hannah Blades, Andrew McFarlane, Martin Laycock, Colin MacDonald, Andrew Barker, Craig Silverman, Jennifer Franklin.  
 MIDDLE ROW: Molly Grindley, Amanda Smith, Kate Perry, Martha Lawrence, Michael Tucker, Bradley McCallum, Jennifer Aldrich, Mete Erdogan.  
 FRONT ROW: Eriskay Liston, David Rapson, Matthew Brooks, William Landymore.

I remember when.....

Jennifer A.: We were doing tongue exercises in drama and a parent walked in.

Andrew B.: I broke my arm on the playground.

Hanna: Andrew B. fell back in his chair and took his desk with him.

Matthew: I went home for lunch, fell in the snow and my hands were frozen.

Mete: I won a cake from the cake walk.

Jennifer F.: We stuck our tongues out at a parent who walked in on drama.

Molly: Mrs. Smith told us to stick our tongues out at a parent in drama.

Kerry: A plant grew out of the radiator into the prep four room.

William: The plant grew out of the radiator into the prep four room.

Martha: At my old school, when we wrote a poem about gum my teacher let us chew it.

Martin: I got a whole page of math wrong.

Eriskay: Kerry walked into a cobweb and fell into the pit near the fire-escape.

Colin: I sprained my ankle on the playground.

Bradley: Michael Seringhouse got caught in the cloakroom.

Catherine: Martha put the ketchup in Mrs. Smith's coffee.

Andrew M.: In grade one I pushed Brad in a mud puddle.

Kate: At my old school I walked into the wrong classroom by mistake.

David: I was a super speller all year in prep 3.

Craig: Marty fell off the tire and into a hole.

Amanda: Mrs. Kemp yelled her head off when people walked through the AVR in choir.

John: I won first prize in the handstand contest in the gym.

Michael: I pushed Brad and his chocolate bar in the gravel.



# PREP FIVE



BACK ROW: Anne Totten, Tina Piper, Emma Penick, Tera Hurst, Natalie Vladi, Jason Bigio, Jamie Stoltz, Ata Erdogan, Joshua Threadcraft, Nathaniel Pearre, Harold Roscoe.

MIDDLE ROW: Andrea Sheridan, Christine Hollett, Tony Barresi, Jeffrey Parker, Drum Woodside, Mary Kate Arnold, Geoffrey Archibald, Paul Murphy.

FRONT ROW: Martha Casey, Lizzie Oore, Tova Rosenberg, Jessica Lief, Matthew Blovin, Stephen Robertson, James Dodds.

This class would be dull without.....

Geoffrey's funny grin.  
 Mary Kate's fashion.  
 Tony's eraser collection.  
 Jason's "Don't touch that. It's mine!"  
 Matthew's ability to speak without being spoken to.  
 Martha's gymnastics.  
 James's honest face.  
 Ata's brain.  
 Christine's Shera dolls.  
 Tera's forgetfulness.  
 Jessica's ability to put in.  
 Paul's hockey.  
 Lizzie's curls.  
 Jeffrey's mumbling.  
 Nathaniel's ability to get abnormally muddy.  
 Emma's enthusiasm.  
 Tina's speed reading.  
 Stephen's scientific mind.  
 Harold's red face.  
 Tova's ballet classes.  
 Andrea's My little ponies.  
 Jamie's Dungeons and dragons.  
 Joshua's soccer.  
 Anne's pictures of horses.  
 Natalie's lunch.  
 Drum's shyness.

# PREP SIX



BACK ROW: Kendal Vogan, Graham Aldrich, Kerry Alemdar, Brent Macdonald, James Liston, Allyson Franklin, Laura Waters, Lesley Jackson.

MIDDLE ROW: Gabrielle Bain, Bessy Nikolaou, Joy Laing, Sarah Whitehead, Beth Pysemany, Kate Grindley, Matthew E. Thompson, Matthew Archibald.

FRONT ROW: Douglas Penick, David Finlayson, Aaron Dickson, Joachim Steffen, Matthew D. Thompson.

When I get to the Upper School I will.....

Graham: party.

Kerry: party and skip school.

Matthew A.: party and also keep up the work.

Gabrielle: try hard.

Emily: go shopping.

Aaron: do well and try hard.

David F.: go out at lunch.

Allyson: try to survive and go shopping at lunch.

Kate: work hard.

Lesley: get lost between classes.

Tricia: get homework sickness and die.

Joy: die of all the homework.

James: get somewhere for the first time in my life.

Brent: super party.

David M.: RELAX!

Bessy: be surprised I ever made it and go shopping at lunch.

Douglas: join all the sports teams.

Beth: get trampled in the hallways.

Joachim: be found in the gym.

Matthew E.T.: get trampled in the mad rush!

Matthew D.T.: do well at school.

Kendal: go shopping at lunch!

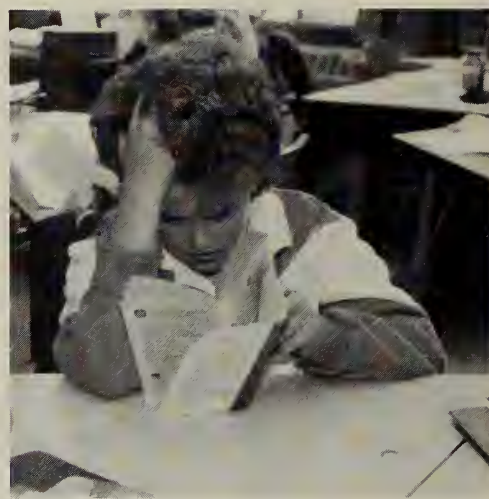
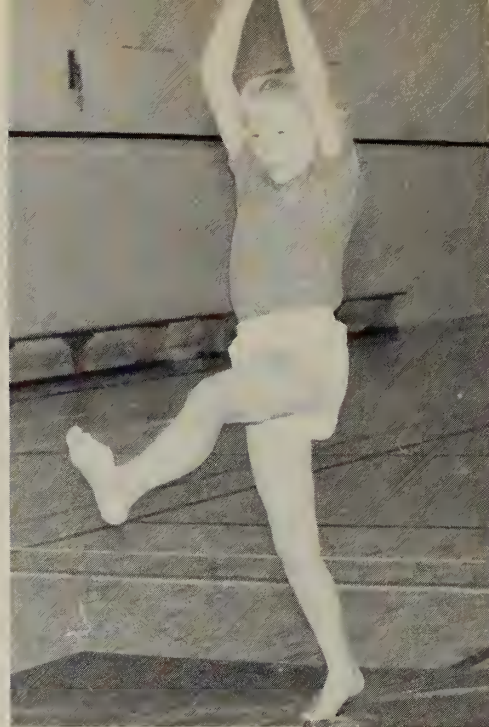
Laura: get lost!

Sarah: work hard.





















## UPPER SCHOOL



# UPPER ONE

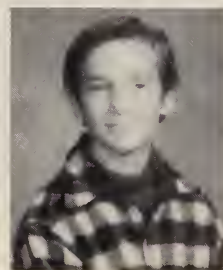
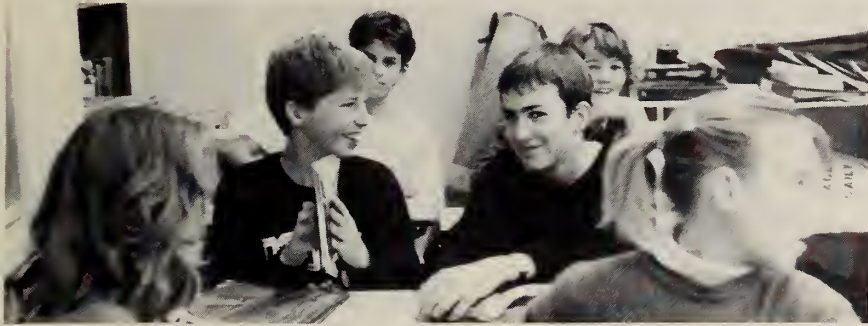
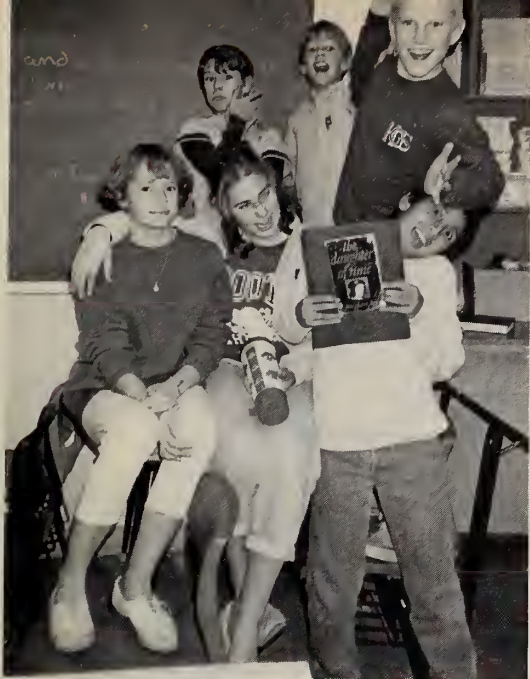


BACK ROW: David Brooks, Pathum Malave, Mathias Michalon Flikeid, Sarah Brennan, Warren Auld, Richard Simmons, Chris Williams, Arun Goomar, Troy Holness.  
 MIDDLE ROW: Trevor Greenwood, Heather Rapson, Susan Crocker, Lars Mitchell, Lars Mitchell, Mathew Burns, Nicholas Graham, Adrian Cameron, Imogen Hall, Jennifer Silverman.  
 FRONT ROW: Leif Englund, Michael McDougall, Ben Moore, Judy Halesbsky, Kathleen Murphy, Anne Roberts Beale, Tom Sheridan.

We leave to the next class of Upper One .....

Warren: Nothing.  
 Sarah: advice: Don't mess with the wrong teachers or else!!  
 David: advice: Keep out of trouble.  
 Matthew: A big mess.  
 Adrian: All the pressures of the Upper school.  
 Susan: advice: Watch out and work hard.  
 Lief: Homework.  
 Arun: All the answers to the work in Upper One.  
 Nicholas: nothing.  
 Trevor: advice: Don't chew gum.  
 Judy: A pair of combat boots.  
 Imogen: The privilege to leave the school grounds at lunch.  
 Troy: Mr. Gray.  
 Michael: A gift certificate for the store.  
 Patham: a Wordcraft book.  
 Mathias: All the books.  
 Lars: Gum under the tables.  
 Ben M.: Mrs. deGrasse.  
 Kathleen: A green homework book.  
 Ben P.: A blob of orange gum under a desk.  
 Heather: A lot of homework and some white-out.  
 Anne: A dictionary.  
 Tom: An old textbook.  
 Jenny: A large French-English dictionary.  
 Richard: The Daughter of Time.  
 Chris: More than they are worth!







# UPPER TWO



BACK ROW: Sophie Spiropoulos, Andrew Sacamano, Sean Kirby, Kabir Ravindra, Cris Simmons, Jonathan McKeever, Nora Pyesmany, Beverly Williams, Allison Cooper, Amy Block.

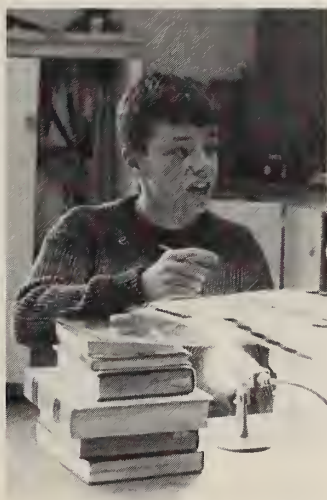
MIDDLE ROW: Derek Linzey, Ariz David, Paul Simms, Jessica Andrews, Jane Gould, Clea Kindred, Beth Chernin, Amy Burns.

FRONT ROW: Andy Kim, Lawrence Nwaesi, Luke Merrimen, Paul Baskett, Zareen Ahmad, Maggie Arnold, Christina Horne.

We the class of Upper Two, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave ...

Zareen: a fluorescent green sweatshirt.  
 Jessica: a license to become an Avon lady.  
 Maggie: a criminal record.  
 Paul B.: a muzzle.  
 Amy Block: a boyfriend named Ricky.  
 Amy Burns: a man.  
 Beth: a particular schmuck.  
 Allison: feathered earrings and fake nails.  
 Ariz: a razor.  
 Jane: North stars and a bouffant.  
 Christina: a beautiful smile.  
 Andy: a vocabulary other than "huh?".  
 Clea: a sense of direction.  
 Sean: a brother erebous yearbook.  
 Derek: a buzz-cut.  
 Jonathan: stilts.  
 Luke: a barf bag.  
 Lawrence: a padded room.  
 Nora: new tap shoes.  
 Kabir: a husky French-woman.  
 Andrew: a commodore 64.  
 Chris: snow slippers.  
 Paul S.: a Viking woman.  
 Sophie: a world without men.  
 Beverly: a gold medal for Topaz, her dog.





# UPPER THREE



BACK ROW: Chris Stairs, Drummond Vogan, George Nikolaou, Michael Barker, Sarah Newman, Kelcey Parker, Brian Audain, Asim Wali, Daniel Thompson, Daniel Holland.

MIDDLE ROW: Andrew Jackson, Toni Fried, Arthur Davis, Tami Meretzky, Malve Petersmann, Sally Nanton, Susie Abbott, Suzanne Godsoe.

FRONT ROW: Michael Cowie, Jean Grindley, Julia Doyle, Andrew Williams, Craig Burley, Mark McCallum.

## Famous quotes of Upper Three .....

Susie: "That's not very nice."

Brian: "Conjugate the verb etre? That's easy!"

Michael B.: "Who me?"

Greg: "It's really cool"

Craig: "But Mr. Waldman, the hexadecimal code can't be used."

Michael C.: "Achooo!"

Arthur: "Wanna fight about it?"

Julia: "Oh my God! I have this urge to scream."

Toni: "What did you say?"

Suzanne: "I am not an air head!"

Jean: "I don't know."

Daniel H.: "I hate this!"

Andrew J.: "That's true."

Mark: "Not much."

Tami: "Phone me tonight."

Kelly: "Come get a drink of water with me."

Sally: "Guess what!! I have gymnastics tomorrow!"

Sarah: "You big galu!"

George: "I know a word ..."

Kelcey: "Oh no!!"

Malve: "Good morning Mrs. Meinertzhagen."

Chris: "Oh, I have another question! ..."

Daniel T.: "I hate that child!"

Drummond: "O.K., so I babble, big deal!"

Asim: "No pain, no gain!"

Andrew W.: "I hate commodores; they're so primitive."







# UPPER FOUR



FRONT ROW: Steve Oore, Jason Holt, Bob Carter, Billy Said, Kevin Gibson, Hugh Thompson, Michael Risley, Jean-Paul Bowers, Grant Wong, John Gould, Mishko Hansen.

MIDDLE ROW: Jane Sodero, Jennifer Smith, Jared Stern, Karen Thomas, Laurie Blank, Clare Roscoe, Jen Trabert, Allison Fairhurst.

FRONT ROW: Jonathan Cook, Michael Kiang, Aidan Morgan, Andrea McCulloch, Felix Batcup, Richard Bagnald.

ABSENT: Gillian Mann.

This class wouldn't be the same without .....

Felix's difficult curriculum.  
 Richard's exquisite artwork.  
 Jean-Paul's enjoyment of running at lunch.  
 Laurie's lack of wardrobe.  
 Bob's belief in frozen windows.  
 Jonathan's oblivious Latin.  
 Allison's tendency to look like she is going to a funeral.  
 Kevin's political campaigns.  
 John's afro.  
 Mishko's comparison to the C.N. tower, and adventure games.  
 Jason's John Wayne personality.  
 Michael K.'s role as stockbroker and hockey pool master mind.  
 Jonah's nonexistence and role as scapegoat.  
 Gillian's liberal opinions.  
 Andrea's endless diets.  
 Aidan's "Smiths" t-shirt.  
 Steve's piano.  
 Michael R.'s abundance of doll hairs.  
 Clare's time-lapse reaction time.  
 Billy's blue jacket wardrobe.  
 Jennifer's weird earrings and family reunions.  
 Jane's colour co-ordination.  
 Jared's need for female companionship.  
 Karen's love for volleyball and bears.  
 Hugh's untraditional means of transportation.  
 Jennifer T.'s fencing techniques.  
 Grant's being "bogged down".  
 Mr. Gray's coffee mugs.





# UPPER FIVE



BACK ROW: Holly McCurdy, Julia Gaede, Matthew Oland, Mark Wathen, Colin Audain, Michael Stephens, Eric Block.

MIDDLE ROW: Daniel Rees, Victor Bigio, Matthew O'Halloran, Carmen McInnes, Sheva Carr, Al Davis.

FRONT ROW: Miles Sheridan, Troy Dolomont, Robert Plowman, Kersti Tacreiter.

ABSENT: Munju Ravindra.

In 30 years I will be:

Colin: a rich ophthalmologist.

Victor: of voting age.

Eric: a rabbi.

Sheva: devoured by my braid.

Al: chlorinated to death.

Troy: an old Don Johnson.

Julia: 46

Carmen: a yuppie housewife.

Holly: a janitor.

Matthew O'H: a dermatologist.

Matthew O.: a game show host.

Robert: a history textbook.

Munju: disintegrated.

Daniel: dead.

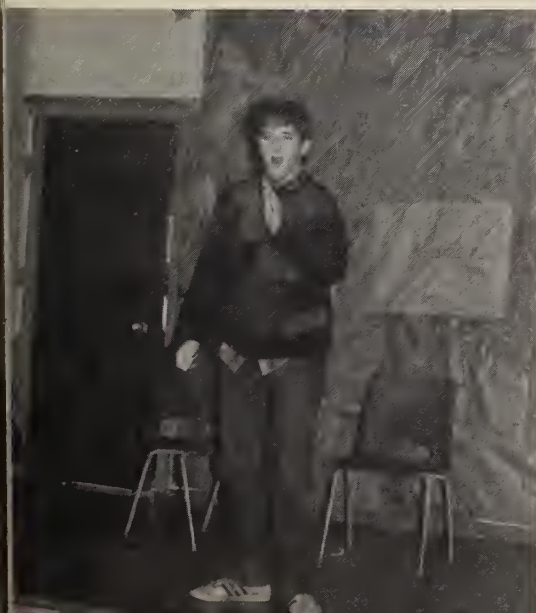
Miles: British.

Michael: awake, rich.

Kersti: NOISY!

Mark: a used car salesman.

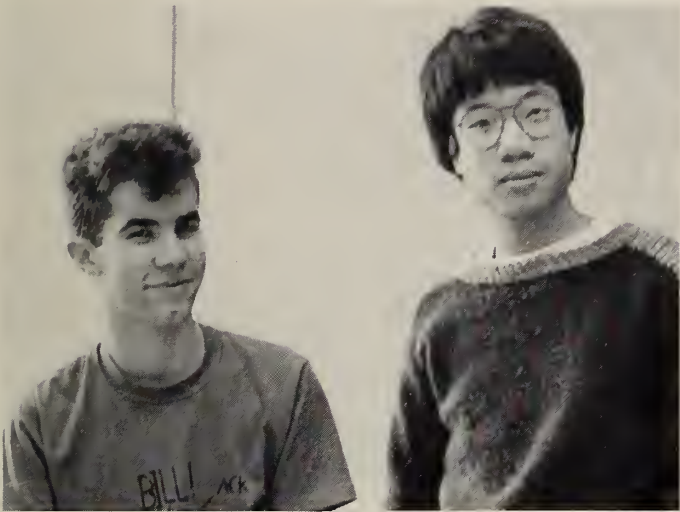














# SKETCH TRIP





**ART AND**



**LITERATURE**

# PREPS TWO, THREE AND FOUR

## ETHELBERT

One day long ago there was a dragon, a cute dragon. But the only thing wrong with him was that he was very scared! Everyone tried to encourage him to fly and breathe fire to keep the enemies away. The dragon tried every time to breathe fire but nothing happened. He always ran away and hid in his bedroom.

This dragon was always treated kindly. The princess that owned him called him Ethelbert. Ethelbert lived in a giant castle with the king and princess. Their names were King George and Princess Ann. Princess Ann always fed him five tons of spinach twice a day and on special occasions he got one ton of fox. Ethelbert loved to play all day with his extra big teddy bear. Ethelbert was so cuddly! The next day there was a small fight, and once again Ethelbert ran and hid, he was just too timid.

One day the king called his army men and the princess together for a meeting. The king said, "I think we should stop treating that dragon so kindly." "Perhaps we should take his teddy." "But daddy!" Princess Ann cut in, "He loves that teddy bear!" "But he's got to learn honey. Do you want to live, do you want your daddy to live?" said a soldier. "W...W...Well I guess so." "Then fine, tonight? While he's asleep!"

That night the king and his soldiers took his teddy bear and hid it in a small hiding place, so he couldn't get it. Also that night the princess woke the dragon up. "Ethelbert, Ethelbert! Good you're up. Now I've to tell you something. Ethelbert you've got to start flying and breathing fire or they'll never give you back your teddy bear."

So the next day Princess Ann put on her oldest clothes and went to wake Ethelbert. "Time to get up, big guy ... big guy? Where are you? She looked all around then she looked up. All she saw was a black dot. Then it got bigger until she realized it was Ethelbert. "Yippie! You can fly! Okay, if you can fly now, let's train you to breath fire!" But Ethelbert said, "No way! I already know how. I'll show you!" and he burnt the forest!

"Boy that teddy bear meant a lot to you! Didn't it?" "It sure did. It was my mommy's when she was little." "Well I guess you get that teddy bear back, and that will be the end of that so when the enemies come you can scare them off and they'll think you're scared of them and you're not and I'm really happy for you!" said Princess Ann, and gave him a great big hug.

Jennifer Franklin  
Prep Four  
First

## PRIMROSE AND DITTA AT SCHOOL

Once upon a time there was a mouse called Primrose and a wood sprite named Ditta. They went to school together. The teachers were owls and called Minny and Erva. They had many friends including two rabbits named Esko and Lasko.

One summer day Ditta decided to show his friends some magic. For Primrose he climbed the cherry tree, he showed her how he could turn the ripe fruit into glace cherries. For Esko he climbed the plum tree, and turned the purple fruit into sugarplums. For Lasko he climbed the apple tree, and turned the rosy fruit into dried apple rings.

Minnie and Erva said wisely, "That was very wise of you Ditta to preserve the fruit for the winter."

When winter came the animals chose a beautiful spruce tree and Ditta magically decorated it in the middle of the forest.

Emma Townsend-Gault  
Prep Three  
Second

## THE LITTLE BOY'S ADVENTURE

Once there was a little boy that lived on the ocean. The little boy got very hot and he decided that he would go for a swim in the ocean. When he got in a big wave came and it took him away. He went away into the Atlantic and he wasn't a good swimmer. He would probably have to stay there for a long time. Then he saw a hammer shark and the shark took the little boy away to where the shark lived. The shark swam away and the little boy swam up to the shore.

Kevin Moore  
Prep Two



## THE HALIFAX EXPLOSION

There was an explosion which boomed with great might  
Two ships collided - it was a sad sight  
Pieces were flying everywhere in the morning light  
It levelled the city of Dartmouth too  
Destruction, death and suffering grew  
The worst snowstorm for twenty years that night fell  
Now, sixty-nine years later, we remember that day of hell.

Martin Laycock  
Prep Four

## ENCHANTED GARDEN

Enchanted Garden  
filled with flowers with magical powers  
with butterflies so light they float in flight.  
Oh how I love that enchanted Garden.

Sarah Fentress  
Prep Three  
Honorable Mention

## A CAMPING TRIP I WILL NEVER FORGET

It was a dark and stormy Monday night. Every Monday night I go to clubs. Except this very night, there was no clubs for it was Halloween Night. My buddies and I got together and decided we were too old to trick or treat and we should have a little fun ourselves. We got our sleeping bags, our jackknives and our fishing rods and we headed for an old haunted house, where nobody ever goes. We went down a long dark gruesome path. My teeth were chattering from fear. The other two had their heads in their sleeping bags bouncing back and forth off trees.

Finally when we got to the hut the first thing we did was lay out our sleeping bags in the hut and then go fishing. Mikey caught one good sized fish, the same with my other friend Matthew. As for me, I didn't catch one cotton picking fish.

After that we cut some branches for a fire, and later we walked back to the hut. We made a fire, cooked our fish, and hit the haystack.

During the night we discovered the scary part.

During the night we agreed we heard strange noises, but we assured ourselves that it was the wind. Later when everybody was asleep, except me, I heard knocking on the door. Nobody should have known that we were out there.

I opened the door- what I saw was so scary that I slapped myself in the face to make sure I wasn't dreaming. I backed away to the wall stepping on Matthew's arm. When Matthew woke up he was so mad about not getting his sleep. That thing ran out the door and out of the forest and that was the end of our camping trip.

Andrew McFarlane  
Prep Four  
Third

## EXCUSES

I could not listen to the teacher because my ear was hurt.  
I fell off my bike now I can't walk to school.  
My pet rock is ill so I can't go to school.  
I don't know my spelling or my name because I have amnesia

Marty Laycock  
Prep Four

## THE TWO PONIES

Once there were two ponies. They were friends. Their names were Pony and Sindy. Once they went for a walk in the forest. They found a castle in the forest. They went in the castle. And the ponies found a witch in the castle. The witch trapped the ponies. But one pony was skinny and he got out through the bars. He found the key. He freed the other pony. And he got out! They went home, and they were happy.

Jennifer Gray  
Prep Two

## DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO?

Do you know what I'll do  
When your pencil breaks?  
I'll give you mine.

Do you know what I'll do  
When it rains?  
I'll put your rainboots on  
When we walk to school.

Do you know what I'll do  
When I go to the candy store?  
I'll get you a lollipop.

Edward McKeever  
Prep Two

## JUST BEFORE SPRINGTIME

The birds are still out of town  
The branches are still bare  
The earth is still brown  
I don't care  
I can smell the green in the air  
It comes just before spring.

Alexander Wilson  
Prep Three

### MY CRIME

Once upon a time  
I committed a big crime  
But I only stole a dime  
And only just one time  
Then I gave it back  
To Jack!

Christopher Coxon  
Prep Three

### POEMS

Poems, poems, poems.  
I wish I was a poem.  
Poems, poems, poems.

Poems, poems, poems.  
Poems are so beautiful  
But never are so pitiful  
Poems, poems, poems.

Liza Piper  
Prep Three

### ONCE WHEN I WAS WALKING

Once when I was walking  
I heard someone talking  
It wasn't very pleasant  
'cause it sounded like a pheasant  
So I thought I'd wait  
Another day to go walking.

Ryan Blades  
Prep Three

### THE DOVE

Oh beautiful dove you fill me with love  
Graceful and white you shimmer in flight  
Oh beautiful dove.

Sarah Fentress  
Prep Three

### AT NIGHT

At night I felt the fright  
So I took a knife  
To see what it was  
But when I opened the light  
It was only  
The closet door.

Billy Nikolaou  
Prep Three

### THE GRAMMARIAN

The Grammarian is a book with words  
That are not absurd.  
It has stories  
That have a lot of glory.  
It has pictures of the staff  
That don't laugh.  
I think the Grammarian is neat  
It's not something you can beat.

Julie Henderson  
Prep Three

### SEEING THINGS

Once upon a time there was a girl named Ellesabelle. There was one thing that was very strange about Ellesabelle, she always saw things that aren't there. She was like that ever since she was a baby. One day Ellesabelle was going to school and she saw a toad, but there was no toad there. Ellesabelle was seeing things. One day her mother took her to the movie Snow White. Ellesabelle saw a car on the screen. Soon her mother got fed up and took her to the doctor. The doctor said it was nothing and they lived happily ever after.

Aylin Alemdar  
Prep Three



# PREPS FIVE AND SIX

## THE DRUG BUST

It was a cold dark night. I was walking through Point Pleasant Park when I heard a scream! I stopped! I listened but I heard nothing! I continued on through the park. Was it my imagination or was it for real?

The next morning I woke up to the radio telling me that "the body of Barb J. Newton had been found in Point Pleasant Park yesterday around midnight. She was stabbed several times with a switch-blade. Nobody has yet been arrested for this deadly crime!" Wow I thought I bet that that was the scream I heard last night as I turned off the radio. I got out of bed and headed for the kitchen to make breakfast.

When I finished breakfast I went to work. I was a policeman. When I got to work they put me on the case of Barb J. Newman. My partner and I, Fred, drove off to the Park to look for clues. I told Fred about the scream I heard last night. He said that we should look near where I heard the scream for clues. When we got to the place where I heard the scream we searched for anything suspicious. Just when we were about to leave, Fred found something. It was a switch-blade buried under some leaves. Fred carefully picked up the knife and put it in the back of the car. We went back to look for more clues but with no luck. We came back to the car. From there we went to the laboratory to test the blood and get the fingerprints, but when we got there the knife was gone. There was a blood stain on the back seat where the knife was. We used the blood on the back seat instead. Disappointed we went back to the police station and told our story to the captain. Nobody believed us because all of the other officers could not find a single thing when they went to look for clues. So Fred and I went back to the lab to see if the blood results were finished. They were. It was type "O" blood and it showed that he had blood that was overdosed with cocaine. Just then we found out that our head chief was dead. We went over to the Park where he was found. The place he was found dead was where Barb J. Newton was found also. We tested his blood to see if he was poisoned. When we got the results, he had died of an overdose of cocaine. We went through his wallet and we found a letter. It said

KILL BARB J. NEWTON  
SHE HAS OUR DRUGS  
AND SHE DIDN'T DELIVER THEM  
TO THE "HELLS ANGELS".  
AFTER YOU HAVE KILLED HER  
BRING THE COKE BACK TO ME.

Just then I thought that maybe he snuffed all the coke by himself and that's how he died. We had solved the mystery of Barb J. Newton. We went back to headquarters and showed everybody our results. Now everybody believed us.

Doug Penick  
Prep Six  
First

## THE BOY'S WHALE

There was once a boy from Truro,  
Who had a great big bureau,  
In it lived a whale  
He had ordered by mail,  
And who tied his fins in a bow.

Jochen Steffen  
Prep Six

## THE DOLPHINS

My hands, they bled  
'Twas hope I lacked  
And worst of all  
The canoe, was cracked.  
I paddled on  
In search of land  
Trying to ignore  
The pain in my hand.  
The Dolphins came  
Like the rising sun  
Their eyes were laughing,  
Full of fun  
They gave me joy  
Of the very best kind  
And helped me leave  
"No hope" behind.

Nathaniel S. Pearre  
Prep Five

## PUPPIES

Puppies  
tiny sweet  
cuddly cute small  
bite chew play bark  
eating running  
bigger bones  
dogs

Emily Crow  
Prep Six

## A TOTALLY DIFFERENT WORLD

I wake from a dreamless sleep  
I drift to the window,  
And see the world.  
The dimly lit street lamps,  
Cast a quiet shadow over  
The houses and cars,  
It's all so still.  
Soon the sun will rise,  
And cast a different  
Shadow.

Sarah Whitehead  
Prep Six

## THE BEGINNING OF NIGHT

The moonlight sets,  
With the stars shining bright,  
The shadows appear,  
The howling begins,  
The wind blows,  
The trees sway back and forth,  
The birds sleep,  
And I lay my head on my pillow,  
When the rest of the night goes on.

Allyson Franklin  
Prep Six

## BLUE DOLPHINS

Dolphins dolphins  
Jumping in the sea,  
I send my thank you's  
To wherever you might be.  
I thank you for bringing me home  
Not letting me drown  
I'm thinking of you as I write this poem.  
If it wasn't for you  
I might not have been able to get back,  
I was forced to turn  
Because the planks of my canoe cracked.  
The island will not be as bad  
With you and your fellow dolphins around,  
It might even be better  
Than the place my people are bound.

Ata Erdogan  
Prep Five  
Second

## THE TERRORIST FROM LIBYA

There was a terrorist from Libya,  
who jumped on the Tower Road bus,  
he took all our money and coupons,  
and sure scared the pants off of us!

He said that his name was Omar.  
He'd hijacked a plane in Rome.  
to Berlin, London and Paris,  
then said he longed to be home.

He lived with his brother and sister,  
his dad, his mom and his cat.  
They lived on a farm by a river, he said  
Then he cried and laughed where he sat

Graham Aldrich  
Prep Six

## BEYOND THE CURTAIN

Beyond the curtain,  
It sits, bathing itself.  
Beyond the curtain,  
Its yellow eyes  
Watch out sharply for mice.  
Beyond the curtain  
It sleeps, now,  
All beyond the curtain.

Lesley Jackson  
Prep Six

## SNEAKERS

Sneakers are red,  
Sneakers are blue,  
Sneakers are made  
For me and you.  
Sneakers have fancy  
Patterns and designs,  
With trees and ponds,  
And squiggles and lines.  
Sneakers are fast,  
Sneakers are slow,  
Sneakers are new,  
And sneakers are old.  
Sneakers were made  
For you and me,  
Sneakers were made,  
For the world to see!

Anne Totten  
Prep Five

## THE SUMMER WIND

The summer wind,  
sweeping over the land.  
It sweeps over ...  
The lakes,  
which are shining in the sunlight.  
The trees,  
making them whisper their silent song.  
The flowers,  
casting their spell by filling the air with sweetness.  
The animals,  
making them come alive with strength  
The summer wind sweeps over everything,  
like a bird in flight.  
Making everyone happy.

Tricia Joyce  
Prep Six  
Third



### THE HOBO

A little man walked down the street,  
upon his tiny little feet.  
He asked me if I knew his name,  
I didn't want to play his childish games,  
I guessed John or Jack, Rob or Bob.  
"Nope," he said "it's Baily, you like it?"  
"Yes" I said "it's very nice!"  
I looked a little closer and I  
saw a little lice upon his body  
and in his hair.  
He carried a bottle of Alpine beer,  
His hair was long, and it was in his ear,  
He walked away and stopped a woman,  
"Guess what my name is?" he asked.

Kendal Vogan  
Prep Six

### THE WHITE CAT

I look out the window.  
All I see is the small white cat.  
Snowball is her name.  
Our neighbours used to own her,  
But now she is all alone  
Sneaking, Hunting, Scratching at  
Her old home's door,  
But nobody answers.  
She comes to OUR door.  
I give her a bowl of milk.  
Then she runs away.  
Now she is alone again.  
Probably forever.

Laura Waters  
Prep Six

### ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS

KARANA: Blue is the sky,  
Blue is the sea,  
Blue is the dolphin  
who follows me.

DOLPHIN: Green is my island,  
Around it I roam,  
Green is my island,  
Always my home.

DOLPHIN + KARANA: Green is the land,  
Blue is the sea,  
Together they meet,  
Like you and me.

Tova Rosenberg  
Prep Five  
Honorable Mention

### BLUE DOLPHINS

Thank you blue dolphins for leading me home  
Back to where you usually roam.  
I really enjoy when you're here  
Every single time you appear  
From underneath a wave  
I hopefully crave  
That it will be you.  
A dolphin that is blue.

Lizzie Oore  
Prep Five

### THE FROG AND THE DOG

There once was a slimy old frog,  
Who lived in a hollow wood log.  
One day there was a terrible fog,  
His log became a big ugly blob.  
The poor old frog stood alone to sob,  
Beside his hollow blobbed log.  
Into the log crashed a flimsy hip dog.  
"I'll help you, dear sir," said the dog to the frog.  
So the dog and the frog invited a mob  
To daub at the log,  
And soon all the blob was gone from the log.  
"Thank you dear dog, I love you," said frog.  
Then they danced on the log  
That no longer was blobbed,  
And were cheered by the mob,  
Especially the hogs.  
The frog is as hip as his dear friend the dog,  
The dog gnaws at the log and sings to the frog  
Thus ends my tale of the frog and his dog,  
You can visit them yet in the hollow wood log.

Tova Rosenberg  
Prep Six

### SHOES

I like shoes when they're old,  
Nice and dirty and full of mold.  
After new ones get all worn,  
Scraped, scratched and all torn.  
That is when they're fit for me  
And I hope you all agree  
Shoes are great when they're old,  
Nice and dirty, full of mold.

Lizzie Oore  
Prep Five

**UPPER ONE, TWO AND THREE**

**school**

**welcome**      **IT'S A NEW WORLD...**

**MONDAY. TO FRIDAY**

**Schools making**

**YOU**      **think**

**Need Help ?**

**it's impossible !**

**Freed hostage**

**heading home**

**Going back ?**

Nora Pysemany  
Upper Two  
Honorable Mention



## FOREST FIRE

The flames danced merrily in the lonely wood,  
giving off heat to all within its path,  
greedily swallowing any sonorous material nearby,  
frightening the innocent animals as they spectate their homes  
being destroyed, in sorrow,  
the fire grows, the only source of light for miles beyond,  
the flames dance to a quick yet merciless rhythm,  
as the glittering hungry flames run like a pack of wild  
wolves, a group of black rainclouds gather overhead,  
the fire devouring the flora and fauna was a threatening  
sight but up above, the clouds were plotting to drive the  
fire away from the shocked forest,  
suddenly a flash of lightning struck and rain began to pour  
followed by a growl of thunder,  
the rain smothered the fire but only enough to calm it down,  
when the flames felt this they grew more excited than ever and  
started engulfing more and more wood,  
the two forces clashed against each other but neither gave up,  
the flames were now getting tired but their thirst for food  
was growing,  
the clouds although, were strong-headed and kept on beating  
against the fire with gallons of water,  
the fire found itself shrinking and fading away,  
its cracking cry turned into a deadly sizzle,  
the mighty clouds poured buckets of rain,  
the glowing flames were marooned on the desolate spot,  
now the enemy of the forest broke into small isolated campfires,  
the clouds did not stop expressing their outrage until the  
last flame disappeared and all the ashes were soaked,  
when it was all over, the sight that was left behind gave  
the appearance of a deserted battleground,  
with the penetrating aroma of the burnt forest, one could  
almost hear the deadly silence.

Pathum Malaviarachichi  
Upper One  
First

Clearer than an icy spring  
On a mountain top  
It glistens like brightest star  
Yet it's as cold as death

It's harder than the hardest rock  
And more mighty than the stone  
And it's not a tree  
For it does not live  
Save for someone it to give

Yet stone it is and stone it's not  
For men don't kill for stones  
It can incur evil into the hearts of men  
A change from good to diabolical  
For even when its master dies  
It cannot weep or even cry  
For it shall live forever

You beg and grovel at my knees  
To know what it is  
In all simplicity all it is, is a .....  
Diamond.

Lawrence Nwaesi  
Upper Two

## SUNRISE

First breath of sunshine  
Touches lightly dew dropped leaves  
Starting a new day

Anonymous

## SNOW

Diamonds in the sky  
But never to own them  
Cherish their beauty

Sarah Newman  
Upper Three

I am not what others think I am,  
I hide behind a curtain of doubt,  
When will that sweet time come,  
When I can be myself?

I try to please all the others,  
While never pleasing myself,  
And I am never happy,  
Surrounded by all these that are  
so unlike me.

When will I be able to live?

Malve Petersmann  
Upper Three

## THE MASK

Blue eyes, shining  
White, tousled hair  
Long grey beard  
Red lips laughing  
Friendly voice:  
"Can you spare a nickel?"

Reaches forward, comes closer  
All an illusion.  
The dirty, old beggar retreats  
Living hopeless  
In a horrid, black hell.

Jessica Andrews  
Upper Two

## SHAKESPEARE

There's one thing a kid does not want to hear  
It rolls around about every year  
AS YOU LIKE IT, OTHELLO and KING LEAR  
It's time to study the plays of Shakespeare!

It's one of those things, you can't get away  
"Much ado about nothing", your teacher will say.  
"Now class, I've got news that'll make your day:  
We're studying MACBETH, our favorite play!

You have to admit though, that their content is ample,  
Suicides, rapes and murders for example.  
ROMEO AND JULIET is enough to make one weep,  
But most of us just end up falling asleep!

Although you may be studying him without your benediction,  
Take heart, for his plays are only fiction!  
People aren't really like that, so don't fear  
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, and see you next year!

Sophia Spiropoulos  
Upper Two  
Third

## LOVE

love is a snowflake; soft and tender, shining with  
brilliance in its dazzling splendour.

love is a snowflake; bitter and cold, falling then  
melting - the story is told.

Chris Simmons  
Upper Two

## THE RIVER NILE

Slowly his body began to move  
He rose silently  
And looked out  
Dawn's first rays were reflecting  
Into his face  
As usual  
The mud had gone into his face  
The day before  
On the banks  
Of the river Nile

He thought of the river  
Its warmness  
Warmness, wetness  
And mud  
Overflowing its banks in spring  
He knew there  
Was a relationship to be upheld  
The river?  
The dawn?  
But he knew he must  
Return to the river Nile.

Kabir Ravindra  
Upper Two

## SAILING

Cut through the water,  
Fly with the wind.  
The ropes are wet snakes,  
Whispering across the deck.  
The sails are full,  
The breath of the wind is in  
their wide white cheeks.

Maggie Arnold  
Upper Two

Silence.  
Darkness.  
Then .....  
A whisper of sound  
A spurt  
A hiss  
And the small flame of  
A struck match.  
Glowing  
In the vast emptiness.

Jean Grindley  
Upper Three

## PEOPLE

People are people, whether fat or slim;  
Everybody's a person, black or white;  
Everybody's got brains, whether bright or dim  
We're all a race, so why should we fight?

Andrew Jackson  
Upper Three

The wilted rose is a sorry sight, its once sharp, green thorns are now merely rusting points.  
Its once lush red petals are now cracked and dry.  
The rose longs for the old days, the days of summer when it was in full bloom, Queen of all  
flowers.  
But now it is nothing more than withered petals on a withered stem.

The still silence of  
An empty room lit up by  
A single sunbeam.

Jean Grindley  
Upper Three

Ben Moore  
Upper One

## FIRE

Crackling,  
Sizzling,  
Orange,  
Red,  
Then embers,  
Dead.

Andrew Jackson  
Upper Three

## MORNING

A red, firey egg  
Sitting on the horizon,  
Ready to burst  
And rise into the sky,  
Then clouds swallow it,  
And it is gloomy once again.

Andrew Jackson  
Upper Three

## WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is what everyone wishes for  
Love is what makes the world turn  
Love is what a relationship is made of  
Love is what makes life worth living  
Love is what makes the heart beat  
But, love is also what breaks the heart  
And ceases its beating forever.

Greg Cummings  
Upper Three

## CRABBY TALE

A girl is crouching in the sand,  
With wind wisped hair and skin so tanned.

The water swirls around her feet.  
Her back is warmed with rays of heat.

The little cap's perched on her head.  
"Don't you lose it!" her mother said.

A horseshoe crab scuttles by,  
She puts it on her hat to lie.

The crab falls off, pinching her toe.  
She stares down at her puny foe.

With intense rage she hurls her hat;  
The waters fumed and that was that!

Toni Fried  
Upper Three

## THE PRIZE FIGHT

The Bell sounds off  
the flight begins  
and the worlds begin to fly  
each is afraid of the other one's power  
each is scared of the other guy.  
Big Ron jumps in with the very first move  
and shifts with his powerful strike  
a vicious blow, his opponent knows  
all is quiet in Kharkov tonight.  
Mik moves in with a shot to the east  
And the city of New York is bombed  
Big Ron gives a chuckle, as he tightens his knuckles  
And the city of Moscow is gone.  
The death toll rises with alarming speed  
but the silly bout goes on  
ICBM is Reagan's only friend  
as he presses his buttons with a yawn.  
But no one knows where Big Ron is  
he knew he should not stay  
Inside a cave, himself he'll save  
while he blows us all away  
the smoke it clears, the dust does fall  
and the hot summer sun does fall  
and the hot summer sun does rise  
Ron sips his tea, almost gleefully.  
Mr. Gorbachev should be surprised.  
Moscow awakes to another morning  
only this morning isn't the same  
the people in bed are alas all dead  
who won this foolish game?  
The final bell rings to stop the fight  
the fighters put down their gloves  
Big Mik and Big Ron, whose cities are gone.  
For peace, release twelve white doves.  
But what good does it do now?

Drummond Vogan  
Upper Three  
Second



# UPPER FOUR AND FIVE

## WINDOW PEOPLE

I walk by in the cold night  
Past the bright houses  
On the darkened street.

As I pass, I glimpse  
Frozen images of the lives within.  
I am envious of the warmth  
I sense,  
Of the feeling of together  
Inside.

Man, bent over a table.  
Woman, passing through.  
On the mantle are little decorations  
Maybe gifts.

Now two children  
Sitting with toys, stopped in time.  
The rug is soft green,  
Well used.

Next a man and woman  
Faces contorted in anger  
Man's hand lifted in the air  
Their mouths are open.

If I stop, with these hasty snapshots live?  
Will the man's hand fall?  
Will noises issue from their open mouths?  
I fear to stop  
I fear the realization that

I am only a spectator,  
I will never be a part,  
Will never be welcomed into their worlds.

Instead I continue in the cold  
Until I can find the one place  
Where I can give the Window People  
Life.

Jennifer Smith  
Upper Four  
First Prize

## HOW I HATE THE SPRING

The dawning of a dying year  
The sickly chirp of birds I hear  
It cuts my cold ears like a spear  
How I hate the spring.

A branch doles out a wilted bud  
My boots are full of smelly mud  
"Newborn Life" is simply crud  
How I hate the spring.

'Tis the season of the dead  
No matter where my path has led  
Trees look better gold and red  
How I hate the spring.

Be careful not to step on bugs  
Buzzing flies and slimy slugs  
You can your joyous hugs  
How I HATE the Spring!

Aidan Morgan  
Upper Four



## MUSIC

Poetry of sound  
Flowering beautifully  
Soaring freely  
Carrying, raising the listener  
Transcending reason  
Creating joy and sorrow  
With graceful power  
Of outpouring true  
Soul

Steve Oore  
Upper Four

We will all suffer,  
from the game no one will win,  
unless we have hope.

Hugh Thompson  
Upper Four

Crystal clear  
 Deep  
 Brilliant  
 Glimmering as it flows  
 Down the soft, flowering hill.  
 Tumbling, flying,  
 One out of billions.  
 A tear,  
 Of a people,  
 A world,  
 Of sadness, gaiety,  
 Variety.  
 Depressed, repressed, happy.  
 Days of blackness,  
 A few of light.  
 Day after day,  
 Year after year.  
 What is a day?  
 And what a year?  
 What is a world? ...  
 That which is told  
     in a single  
         wet  
         tear.

Kersti Tacreiter  
 Upper Five  
 Second Prize

## NON-SENSICAL

A droplet of dew sits upon a leafy blade  
 And there it will rest  
 Until it's disturbed by an ignorant quest.

As it struggles for life in a pool of rain  
 An ant tries to save itself  
 Until it is crushed by the boot of wealth.

Alone, a leaf quietly falls to the ground  
 And there it will lie  
 Until it soon shrivels up to die.

Slowly mist falls to the ground  
 And there it will stay  
 Until melted away by a wanton ray.

Soon the bomb will hit the ground  
 And all will disappear  
 Until a fat bureaucrat will listen to what I fear.

Daniel Rees  
 Upper Five

## SECRET

I am slowing down,  
 As time passes by.  
 Walking uphill, secret in hand.  
 I look at myself, look at the land,  
 And I am sinking, into the ground.

Still, nothing seems to matter behind this wall.  
 I've killed myself,  
 Scarred on the inside,  
 Blind to the outside  
 And my dreams begin to fall.

My mind is weak, I'd love to show,  
 How luck has passed me by.  
 But the wounds I bear,  
 And the grief of despair,  
 Are something you'll never know.

Kevin Gibson  
 Upper Four



## SEARCHING FOR GOLD

To break through a cloud is easy,  
 If you're reaching for the sky,  
 And to catch the wind is simple,  
 If it's a kite you wish to fly,  
 But the easiest of all,  
 Or so I have been told,  
 Is to find and touch a rainbow,  
 If you're not searching for the gold.

Grant Wong  
 Upper Four

White, soft snow falling  
 Melting on the ground, snowballs,  
 Snowmen all around.

Cold mornings and nights  
 Snow on streets, being plowed, piles  
 All around, then rain.

Slushy mush snow  
 Snow melting, rain is pelting  
 Snow gone, is snow more.

Anonymous



My shelves are lined with knowledge.  
 knowledge of the past  
 knowledge of the future  
 possible alternatives to the present.  
 in a world full of knowledge  
 we suffocate.  
 we drown.  
 we explode.  
 we have knowledge,  
 but not the key to its use.  
 my shelves are lined with knowledge  
 yet there is not a single look of wisdom.

-Anonymous

### THE LAST LAKE

The very last lake  
 With civilization just a paddle away  
 I'm anxious to go home  
 Yet I feel sad to leave.  
 I want to stay, to hold these memories  
 To lock them close to my heart  
 Before I make new ones.

If I could, I'd stop the clock  
 I'd stay here for a day or two  
 To think, and to cherish.  
 It's the top of the world, where I am.  
 This trip has left me to think  
 I want to stay here, I know I can.  
 Until the memories fade  
 And my summer days are long gone.

Gillian Mann  
 Upper Four

### STUDYING

My mind is a vacuum  
 Total emptiness

The facts evade me  
 Forgetfulness

Names, dates, places,  
 Vanish before me ...

And melt into a sea of  
 Vagueness

Jason Holt  
 Upper Four

### MY HARMONY

Some say in music,  
 In harmony,  
 The Universe is explained.  
 My Universe is mine,  
 It lies before me,  
 On life's keyboard  
 For me to play and rearrange

Mishko Hansen  
 Upper Four



Sometimes you wake up, disoriented and walk around the room,  
 trying to grasp reality  
 The traffic outside infecting the air with the noise of a  
 new day  
 While other times you sleep, through to noon waking up nauseous  
 trying to maintain your own personality  
 The radio blaring in the same old way.

Sometimes you listen to all day alone, hoping  
 That the lights will not be cut off too soon  
 While other times you dress and, groping  
 For your coat you stumble down steps into the mid day gloom.

Sometimes you walk all day, until your feet are too tired  
 and your stomach somersaults  
 While other times you simply sit on park benches and rest -  
 You could walk all day and never get anywhere, never get lost ...  
 never find yourself or solve faults -  
 Playing a technicolor opera to the endowed who laugh at you,  
 behind cold shoulders they nest.

Sometimes you try to sneak past the dictatorial bourgeois  
 fascist pigs in gray and blue  
 Who try and bar your way - to watch the white worms, besmirched  
 with grime, wind their way  
 Through underground burroughs towards you  
 While you often cannot care enough to do that today

So  
 Most of the time you just sit home and wonder why.

Robert Plowman  
 Upper Five  
 Third Prize

a mustard seed is blown by the wind.  
 with the sound of the arabian drums.  
 and robes of saffron billow around  
 twisting around her  
 suffocating saffronness.  
 surrounded by arabian kisses  
 and peppermint twists.  
 and tangerine tornadoes  
 a sunflower sprouts beside her.  
 and grows ever taller.  
 with its lovely leaves of  
 beckoning yellow.  
 yearning for yellow.  
 brightness of the sun.  
 coolness of the night  
 and shivers in heart  
 of being far away.  
 relaxation of mind  
 blabbering on. in waffledom  
 purple is perfect  
 but what means perfection  
 the now sunflower tree grows  
 mustard seeds.  
 which shower down on her head.

Anonymous

#### THE ACTOR

I drift across a stage  
 And cry someone else's tears.  
 I speak words written  
 By another person's hand.  
 I smile when I should;  
 I laugh when rehearsed.  
 I make mistakes and forget lines,  
 But the audience seldom knows.  
 The end has come.  
 I wipe away the tears that sprung  
 From the practised emotion.  
 The curtain falls.  
 The stage light fades.  
 The applause dies.  
 I am left alone  
 On an endless stage  
 With countless props.

Felix Batcup  
 Upper Four

#### THE FUN

The smell of beer.  
 The sound of people.  
 The feeling of joy,  
 Which can't be matched by anything.  
 Your body begins to twitch - you can't  
 Stop - Patience - Hold on; You can't.  
 "Start please" You cry "Stop my suffering".  
 The suspense rises as they walk out.  
 The sounds of silence.  
 Then as if your prayers have been answered;  
 The immortal words sing out

"Play ball"

Bob Carter  
 Upper Four

#### THE FOG

In Halifax there's too much fog  
 Everything is pale and dead  
 Point Pleasant Park is just a bog  
 Today I'd rather stay in bed.

Choke and die in smoggy murk  
 Ontarians have all the luck!  
 Watch Mulroney grin and smirk.  
 Foggy days really suck.

"On cat's feet" is quite a joke  
 Cats have claws that scratch and bite.  
 This is but sulphuric smoke  
 Taking daytime into night.

Oh take me to the fogless lands  
 Where clear-eyed people roam.  
 Maybe to Bermuda's sands  
 But not to my misty home!

Aidan Morgan  
 Upper Four  
 Honorable Mention

#### A MEMORY

The music began to play,  
 It caught me by surprise,  
 You heard it too,  
 I could see it in your eyes.

The music became a song,  
 A song I'll never forget,  
 Oh so lovely,  
 Has not been written yet.

The song grew lovelier,  
 For me everyday,  
 For you it faded,  
 A lingering melody was all you heard play.

Suddenly you were gone,  
 The music was over,  
 The song had ended,  
 The beauty was no longer.

Last night I remembered,  
 The song I'd held dear,  
 I felt the music,  
 But you didn't hear.

Anonymous

#### VERSION I:

Warm fluffy blanket  
 Protects the world around me  
 Softly the snow falls

#### VERSION II:

Warm fluffy blanket  
 Protects the world around me  
 I'm a lucky dog

Jen Trabert  
 Upper Four



**CLUBS**

# KAZOO



SEATED: Mark Wathen, Michael Stephens, Eric Block, John Gould, Michael Kiang.  
FLOATING: Edward Rees.

The Halifax Grammar KAZOO was born of Eric Block back in January of 1986. Since then it has prospered and become recognized as one of the foremost news magazines in the world. Despite the fact that E.B. is not on the staff this year, due to his presidency, we, the remaining three amigos-Ed, Mike n' John have stayed on to pursue truth and journalistic integrity. We are funnier than the soccer team, wiser than the basketball team, smarter than the rugby team, and have nicer legs than the girls' volleyball team, and the muses always smile upon us.

Yours,  
The Editors of HGSK.



# GRAMMAR GAZETTE



BACK ROW: S. Porteous, M. Archibald, D. McFarlane, K. Alemdar, G. Aldrich, T. Joyce, L. Jackson, A. Franklin, D. Penick, L. Waters.

THIRD ROW: T. Hurst, A. Wilson, M. Grindley, K. Kindred, K. Grindley, S. Whitehead, L. Oore, M. Casey, A. Totten, K. Vogan, B. Nikolaou, J. Laing, E. Penick.

SECOND ROW: A. Allendar, M. Green, B. Pyesmany, J. Franklin, E. Liston, M. Thompson, B. McCallum, C. Hollett, A. Sheridan, A. Dickson, C. Silverman.

FRONT ROW: N. Vladi, E. Crow, L. Davis, H. Blades, G. Bain, T. Piper, D. Finlayson, J. Liston, L. Piper.

## THE HISTORY OF THE GRAMMAR GAZETTE

The Grammar Gazette has been going for five months. It got its name from James Liston.

We had a contest for people who wanted to enter a name for our newspaper and there were many entries!

The Grammar Gazette got the most votes so James Liston won a lifetime, free subscription.

We run games, puzzles, stories and articles and contests.

We raise about twenty dollars for each issue.

We also have to pay Dalhousie Print Shop each time we print an issue of the paper. We are using some of the money raised to pay our way to Ottawa. Some of our money goes to paying printing, or to buying the prizes that students win. The paper is a lot of fun. We use our class computer to print up the stories and we have to type them over and over again until they are perfect. Editors check our stories and sometimes the odd error gets through. We usually find out when someone brings us the paper to show us the error. But we get lots of positive feedback too. People seem to like to see their stories printed. We publish twice a month. We hope our readers keep giving us their support.

David Finlayson  
Editor-in-Chief



# 1, 2, 3, 4

**BACK ROW:**  
 Gavin Murphy  
 David Robertson  
 Coaches  
**MIDDLE ROW:**  
 Chris Coxon  
 Matthew Harper  
 Gregg Davis  
 Erika Wilson  
 Emily Thompson  
 Alexander Wilson  
 Jennifer Digby  
 Julie Henderson  
**FRONT ROW:**  
 Jenny Chetwynd  
 Joanne Coxon  
 Tara Waldman  
 Deborah Leif  
 Edward McKeever  
 Jennifer Gray  
 Liam Brennan  
 Billy Smith



## ART CLUBS

# 5, 6, 7, 8

**BACK ROW:**  
 Susan Halebsky  
 Chris Williams  
 Colin Bernard  
 Troy Holness  
 Linda Barker  
 Mathias Michalon  
 Laura Hooper  
 Susan Crocker  
 Tom Sheridan  
 Mary Kate Arnold  
**MIDDLE ROW:**  
 Anne Roberts  
 Kathleen Murphy  
 Judy Halebsky  
 Jennifer Silverman  
 Sarah Brennan  
 Stephen Robertson  
 Arun Goomar  
**FRONT ROW:**  
 Chris Simmons  
 Andrea Sheridan  
 Christine Hollett  
 Tina Piper  
 Jessica Lief  
 Anne Totten





# CHESS

## BACK ROW:

Mr. Gray  
Andrew Jackson  
Paul Simms  
Andrew Sacamano  
Ken Schwartz  
Michael Kiang  
Troy Dolomont  
Mishko Hansen  
Steve Oore  
Miles Sheridan

## THIRD ROW:

Ben Pearre  
Lizzie Oore  
Tera Hurst  
Natalie Vladi  
Ata Erdogan

## SECOND ROW:

John Beauchamp  
Joshua Ewing  
Tova Rosenberg  
Kimberly Lawrence  
Deborah Lief  
Christine Hollett  
Anne Totten  
Andrea Sheridan  
Kaija Helmetag  
Meredith Murphy



FRONT ROW: M. Edelstein, I. Kostow, M. Brannon, T. Chamagne, N. Watson, Z. Nazaretian, L. Brennan, D. Totten, B. Smith.

# CHESS AND NEEDLEWORK

## NEEDLE- WORK

### BACK ROW:

A. Wilson  
M. Lawrence  
A. Smith  
H. Blades  
J. Coxon  
J. Chetwynd  
C. MacDougall  
L. Davis  
E. Liston  
J. Franklin

### FRONT ROW:

R. Glube  
L. Piper  
E. Wilson  
M. Green  
E. Thompson  
N. Goudy  
J. Gray  
L. Murray





# JUNIOR

## BACK ROW:

D. Holland

D. Vogan

Coach:

K. Schwartz

S. Kirby

J. Gould

K. Ravindra

S. Spiropoulos

A. Burns

S. Godsoe

## FRONT ROW:

Z. Ahmad

J. Andrews

A. Block

S. Abbot

S. Newman

A. Wali

D. Thompson



# DRAMA



# SENIOR

## BACK ROW:

J. Gaede

K. Schwartz

C. Roscoe

M. Petersmann

F. Batcup

J. Gould

## FRONT ROW:

J. Gould

B. Carter

J. Holt

A. Morgan

Z. Ahmad

J. Andrews

## ABSENT:

R. Plowman

A. McCulloch



# CHOIR

## BACK ROW:

K. Grindley  
S. Whitehead  
L. Jackson  
M. Arnold  
A. Totten  
B. Pyesmany  
T. Joyce  
J. Lief

## MIDDLE ROW:

J. Parker  
A. McFarland  
M. Erdogan  
B. McCallum  
C. Hollett  
M. Lawrence  
J. Franklin  
H. Blades  
M. Grindley  
K. Perry

## FRONT ROW:

J. Aldrich  
T. Piper  
E. Penick  
T. Hurst  
N. Vladi  
K. Kindred  
E. Liston



# CHOIR AND DANCE CLUB

## DANCE

### BACK ROW:

M. Ravindra  
J. Gaede  
N. Meinertzhag  
G. Mann  
C. Roscoe  
C. MacInnes  
J. Gould  
A. Block  
K. Tacreiter

### THIRD ROW:

J. Lief  
T. Joyce  
B. Pyesmany  
A. Totten  
M. Arnold

### SECOND ROW:

K. Perry  
H. Blades  
J. Franklin  
M. Lawrence  
C. Hollett  
T. Piper  
M. Casey  
L. Oore

### FRONT ROW:

E. Liston  
N. Vladi  
T. Hurst  
E. Penick  
T. Piper  
J. Aldrich



# FENCING



BACK ROW: Mrs. Scobbie, B. MacDonald, P. Malavi, T. Hurst, N. Vladi, J. Trabert, A. Jackson, P. Simms, A. Sacamano.  
MIDDLE ROW: W. Landymore, C. MacDonald, M. Thompson, G. Archibald, M. Blouin, J. Stolz.  
FRONT ROW: M. Brooks, E. Thompson, J. DeGrasse, D. Woodside, J. Parker.

## FENCING AT H.G.S.

Despite the loss of Walter Kemp, our most experienced fencer, the club has been rather successful this year. Progress is shown by the fact that the club has been more outgoing, and is participating more in interclub affairs. Evidence of this is shown in the involvement of our fencers in special development clinics, inter-provincial tournaments, and a demonstration recently held at the Halifax Shopping Centre. This was mainly in support of a major tournament to be held in Nova Scotia, The Easterns.

Fencing is spreading throughout the province, and as much as two hundred percent of last year's membership now fence. We hope to keep up with this new interest, as it means more competition for one thing. If you want to get involved, now is the time to do so, for you have a chance to participate in the making of one of the biggest events in Canadian fencing. If you do not want to fence in tournaments, you can sign up as a recreational fencer.

On the local level, the club is progressing smoothly. Our advanced fencers learn advanced techniques, and our intermediate ones achieve better results. We also have several promising beginners, who may one day compete. Thanks always to Mrs. Scobbie, whose outstanding vigour has sustained the club's momentum.

Athos, Porthos, and Aramis  
The Three Musketeers



# DEBATING



BACK ROW: P. Simms, S. Oore, M. O'Halloran, R. Plowman.  
FRONT ROW: M. Kiang, E. Block, coach: Rita Aterman, M. Hansen.

It seems as if debating goes in cycles. Every two years the Grammar School has a very good showing in the Provincial Championships. Three years ago, and again last year, our teams did extremely well at the Provincials. This year, therefore, with only grade tens and elevens in the club, can be accepted as an off year to be used to rebuild. Although there were good showings at the Halifax Region Youth Parliament by Eric Block, Matthew O'Halloran and Rob Plowman, and at the Provincial Gathering and Individual Impromptu Tournament, the club was unable to put together a team for the Provincials due to scheduling conflicts with, primarily, the Upper Five French Exchange. However, there are still hopes for Eric Block and Rob Plowman to attend the National Commonwealth Gathering. Furthermore, as already said, the consolation for this 'off year' is a better than fair chance next year of ousting QEH from their traditional first place spot at the Provincials.



# COM- PUTER

## BACK ROW:

A. Williams  
A. Jackson  
A. Sacamano  
M. Cowie  
C. Burley

## MIDDLE ROW:

V. Reid  
M. Pooley  
K. Lo  
J. Ewing  
T. Chamagne  
N. Watson  
Z. Nazaretian  
E. Petley-Jones

## FRONT ROW:

L. Fentress  
M. Edelstein  
D. Roscoe  
J. Beauchamp

# COMPUTER AND SCIENCE CLUBS

## SCIENCE

### BACK ROW:

T. Piper  
L. Oore  
K. DeGrasse  
S. Robertson  
A. Neumann  
R. Blades

### FRONT ROW:

J. Henderson  
J. DeGrasse  
E. Townsend-Gault  
M. Harper  
C. Coxon





# SPORTS CAPTAINS' REPORTS

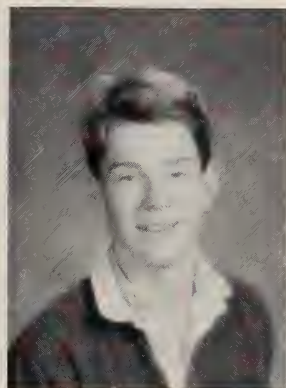
So far this year has been very successful as far as far as Prep School intramurals go. Presently it seems that the skill of Glooscap members is dominating the Prep School age group. Upper School intramurals have moved more slowly, but that should change as the winter months become more boring. But all else aside, those who have been participating in the intramurals have enjoyed themselves. The final victor will probably be decided by the results of the track and field competition. Thanks must go to all the House Captains; Acadia - Laura Hooper, Royals - Linda Barker, Glooscap - Pat Oland, and to their assistants. We must not forget to thank Mr. Bridgehouse for his invaluable help.

Edward Rees

Glooscap Assistant House Captain



LAURA HOOPER  
(ACADIA)



PATRICK OLAND  
(GLOOSCAP)



LINDA BARKER  
(ROYALS)



## GIRLS

BACK ROW:  
M. Petersmann  
T. Meretski  
J. Doyle  
S. Newman  
S. Abbot  
MIDDLE ROW:  
C. Horne  
S. Nanton  
S. Crocker  
J. Silverman  
K. Murphy  
J. Gould  
FRONT ROW:  
J. Halebsky  
S. Godsoe  
A. Burns

## JUNIOR SOCCER

## BOYS

BACK ROW:  
G. Nikolaou  
A. Wali  
K. Parker  
B. Audain  
M. Barker  
D. Vogan  
S. Kirby  
MIDDLE ROW:  
L. Englund  
A. Goomar  
W. Auld  
C. Burley  
T. Holness  
D. Thompson  
FRONT ROW:  
P. Baskett  
C. Williams  
A. Cameron







## UNDER

13

### BACK ROW:

L. Englund  
A. Goomar  
C. Williams  
T. Holness

M. Thompson  
B. MacDonald

### FRONT ROW:

D. McFarlane  
D. Penick  
W. Auld  
T. Sheridan  
A. Cameron  
L. Mitchell  
J. Threadcraft

## SOCCER

## SENIOR

### BACK ROW:

B. Audain  
M. Hansen  
J. Holt  
M. O'Halloran  
D. Rees

A. Belcourt

M. Oland

### FRONT ROW:

P. Oland

M. Stephens

C. Audain

E. Rees

M. Wathen

M. Sheridan

H. Thompson





# BOYS

## BACK ROW:

J. McKeever  
M. Barker  
G. Nikolaou  
K. Parker  
B. Audain  
A. Wali  
T. Holness

## FRONT ROW:

S. Kirby  
P. Baskett  
D. Thompson  
C. Williams  
A. Cameron  
A. Sacamano



# JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL



# GIRLS

## BACK ROW:

A. Block  
A. Burns  
B. Chernin  
S. Abbot  
B. Williams

## coaches:

L. Barker  
L. Hooper

## MIDDLE ROW:

S. Newman  
S. Godsoe  
K. Murphy  
T. Meretski  
J. Gould

## FRONT ROW:

S. Brennan  
J. Halebsky  
S. Crocker  
C. Kindred





# **SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL**

BACK ROW: A. Davis, G. Mann, L. Blank.  
MIDDLE ROW: S. Halebsky, L. Barker, C. MacInnes, C. Roscoe.  
FRONT ROW: K. Thomas, L. Hooper.



# JUNIOR BOYS' AND GIRLS' BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: S. Brennan, S. Newman, B. Williams.  
MIDDLE ROW: K. Murphy, T. Meretski, S. Godsoe.  
FRONT ROW: A. Burns, J. Gould, J. Andrews, Judy Halebsky.

BACK ROW:  
J. McKeever  
M. Barker  
C. Simmons  
D. Vogan  
A. Jackson  
FRONT ROW:  
R. Simmons  
M. Burns  
A. Goomar  
W. Auld  
C. Burley  
T. Holness







BACK ROW:  
M. O'Halloran  
B. Carter  
P. Oland  
E. Block  
FRONT ROW:  
J. Stern  
M. Wathen  
C. Audain  
M. Stephens  
D. Rees

BACK ROW: G. Mann, L. Barker, C. Roscoe.  
MIDDLE ROW: K. Thomas, J. Trabert, L. Hooper, C. MacInnes.  
FRONT ROW: S. Halebsky, A. Davis, H. McCurdy.



## SENIOR BOYS' AND GIRLS' BASKETBALL



# RUN- NING

## BACK ROW:

A. Erdogan  
D. Penick  
A. MacFarlane  
M. Thompson  
FRONT ROW:  
H. Roscoe  
C. MacDougall  
E. Pennick  
T. Hurst  
N. Vladi

# RUNNING AND BADMINTON

# BADMIN- TON

## BACK ROW:

J. Gould  
M. Kiang  
B. Said  
J. Holt  
C. Burley  
C. Bernard  
H. Atherton  
M. Hopkins  
J. Steffen  
R. Porter  
A. McFarlane  
A. Sacamano  
MIDDLE ROW:  
J. Andrews  
S. Kirby  
J. Sodero  
A. Goomar  
T. Holness  
M. Michalon







BACK ROW: J. Franklin, M. Casey, T. Joyce, L. Oore, A. Totten, M. Arnold, B. MacDonald, M. Green, K. Helmetag, E. Wilson.

FOURTH ROW: K. Lawrence, T. Waldman, B. Pyesmany, A. Alemdar, E. Thompson, L. Davis, J. Digby, J. Gray, M. Henderson, G. Davis, D. Leif.

THIRD ROW: J. Chetwynd, K. Kindred, M. Grindley, M. Lawrence, N. Goudy, C. MacDougall, M. Thompson, D. Penick, J. Liston, G. Bain, A. Sheridan, R. Glube, M. Murphy.

SECOND ROW: L. Brennan, T. Hurst, N. Vladi, E. Petly-Jones, T. Rosenberg, H. Blades, E. Liston, C. Hollett, J. Ewing, T. Chamagne, J. Beauchamp, Z. Nazaretian.

FRONT ROW: F. Liston, K. Lo, B. Smith, D. Totten, G. Parker, J. Aldrich, V. Reid, D. Roscoe, L. Fentress.

## GYMNASTICS AND RUGBY

### RUGBY

BACK ROW:

M. O'Halloran

E. Block

E. Rees

M. Oland

M. Hopkins

H. Atherton

FRONT ROW:

J. Gould

M. Stephens

D. Rees

M. Wathen

A. Belcourt







# THE PLAY: ARSENIC AND OLD LACE









# ART





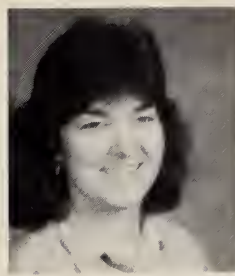




# THE TEACHERS???









# THE CONSTRUCTION















# WINTER CARNIVAL





**CONT'D ...**







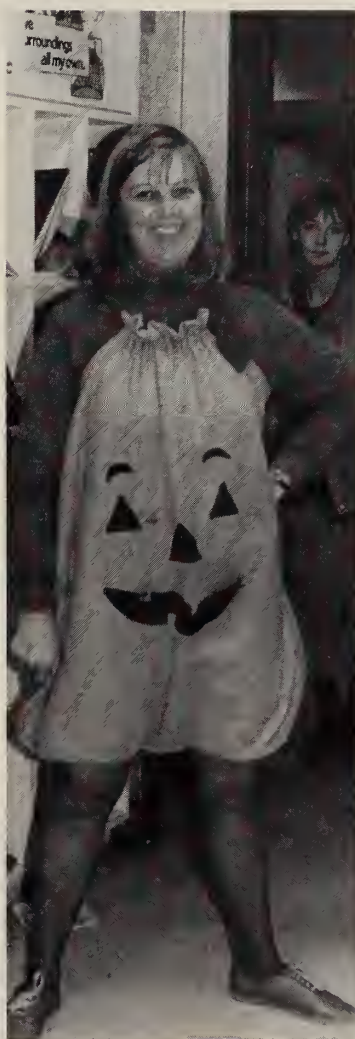




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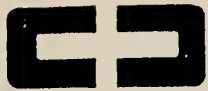
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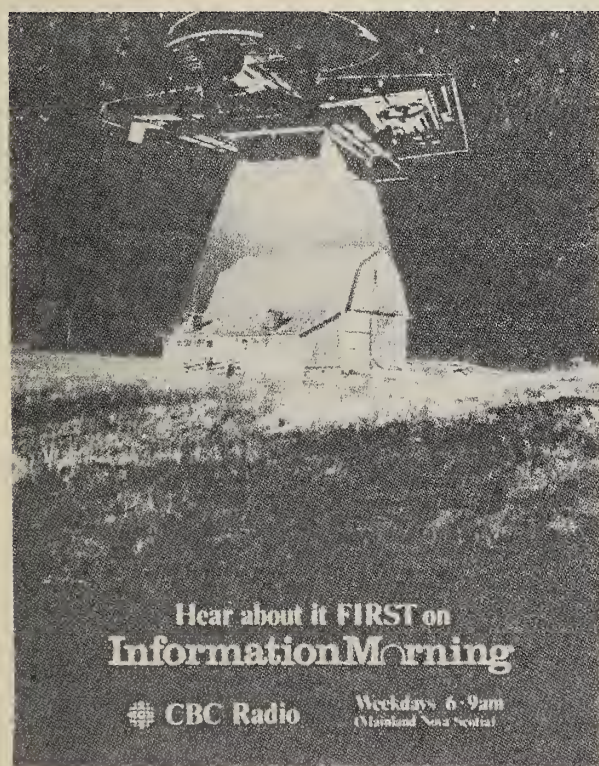
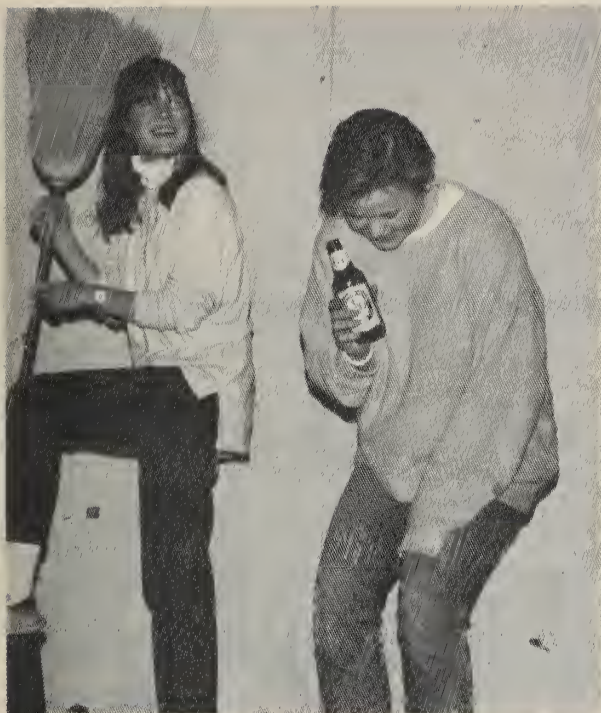
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# CONGRATULATIONS GRADUATES

Let's go BOGAY! Jan  
Troy Dolomont  
Good luck guys and gals!  
Colin Cunn  
help!  
someone  
bit me!  
nice going, BOB!  
HUMBLER  
Crumble, mmmmm!  
Julia Cande  
Break a leg!!  
Shiva Cunn  
eats  
cows  
fight fight  
fight fight  
fight fight  
STONEMAN  
REDNECK  
HIPPY!  
SMALL BALL NOT TOO TALL ROLLING DOWN THE HALL  
Spillkas  
Mark  
Frenchy Martin - Bid lady  
Talky 70's Bova  
Holly McMurphy  
Hersti Tacreiter  
good luck!  
-mings  
Hey HOPPER  
Man  
Lets graduate  
mathew  
Oland  
you're so NICE to me!  
love A1 @  
good luck guys!  
Carmen MacInnis  
Thanks for the  
drive sue!!  
Michael Stephens  
Stoner

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Matthew O'Halloran: Vice-President  
Robert Plowman: Treasurer  
Mark Wathen: Secretary  
Class Representatives:  
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Amy Block: Upper Two  
Daniel Holland: Upper Three  
John Gould: Upper Four  
Daniel Rees: Upper Five  
Patrick Oland: Upper Six

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Perhaps we at Cobi Foods are biased, this is the valley we grew up in, the valley we ploughed and planted and harvested all our life. We've watched over a young apple tree from the day it came out of the nursery to the day, some four

years later, when it first began to bear fruit for people to enjoy.

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assembly line. For the good earth and fertile fields, we say thank you. And to you who come to visit, may you enjoy the Annapolis Valley as much as we do, along with the juice of its finest apples.

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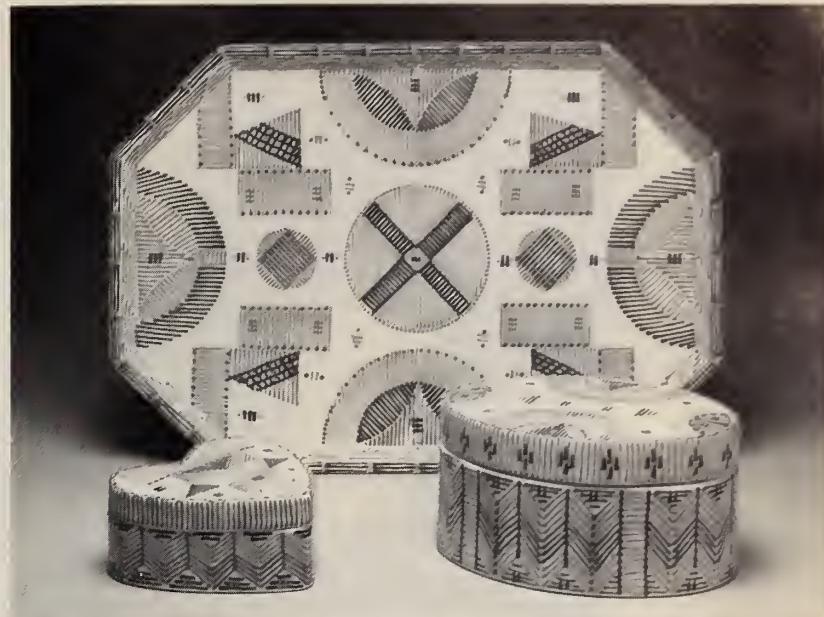
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UPPER FOUR  
AND MR. GRAY  
LOVE THE  
GRADUATES  
DEARLY.  
GOOD LUCK





### THE GRAMMARIAN STAFF

SEATED: Alison Fairhurst: Photographer; Karen Thomas: Photographer; Michael Stephens: Photographer; Jen Trabert: Assistant Editor; Malve Petersmann: Photographer; Robert Plowman: Business Editor; Hugh Thompson: Photographer.

STANDING: Jenniffer Smith: Assistant Editor; Holly McCurdy: Literary Editor; Kersti Tacreiter: Editor; Munju Ravindra: Editor; Ken Schwartz: Photographer; Miles Sheridan: Business Editor.

ABSENT: Carmen MacInnis: Star Typist.

hello. Time has passed and so have we. As Kersti says; this Grammarian has been our undoing. But-no, seriously(?) - it has been well ... um ... a WORTHWHILE experience. yup. All year we've been looking forward to writing this blurb, but somehow, all those sleepless nights have annihilated our vocabularies. Well- this has no doubt been an exhausting year for all of us, and congratulations to anyone who is still sane (evidently we're not ..... not the fault of the Grammarian of course ... ha, ha, ha ...) Yes, it HAS been hectic, what with Kersti and Munju's innumerable dance classes and music lessons, and the rest of the staff's general habit of evaporating around deadline time ...

which leads right up to the hectic quotes we've collected from some of the more immediate members of the Grammarian staff:

find it on page 21)

leave giving me the stuff to type, the LATER you're going to get it back!!!

implying?

fourth one we've tried!!

I've got my camera ...

Hugh: Oh no!!! The A.S.A. is wrong!!!

Malve: So, are you putting my masterpiece in? (you'll

Carmen: Munju, I keep TELLing you, the LONGer you

Rob: Oh, so it's all my fault, Is THAT what you're

Holly: Huh? What Literary contest???

Kersti: What on earth is Rob's phone number? This is the

Munju: I'm hungry. I need a pencil.

Hugh again: You never say hello to me, you only ask me if

Munju and Kersti: Where's our beautiful damsel??

Who cares? It fills up the space ...

Ooops!!! (a million factorial)

Munju Ravindra

Kersti Tacreiter

(deaditors)

P.S. Apologies to Mr. Bridgehouse for the lack of sports candid, they had an accident with the glue. Also, special thanks must go to Carmen for her incredible typing marathons ... and to Dr. Chapman for her assistance and general calmness, even on the day of the deadline ... Really, there are so many people to thank that it's quite impossible, so, thank you muchly to anyone even remotely connected to the Grammarian, and, of course to all the Grammarian staff ...











